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T H E
R O B B E R S.

A
T R A G E D Y.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF
FREDERICK SCHILLER.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR G. G. J. & J. ROBINSONS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M D C C X C H.

James Owen



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of this Tragedy, Mr Schiller, was educated in the *Ecole Militaire*, founded by the Duke of Wirtemberg. At the age of twenty-three, he wrote this piece, which procured him the highest reputation over all Germany; but the rigour of that institution, to whose discipline he was then subjected, being adverse to such pursuits, he was prohibited the use of his pen, under pain of imprisonment. Indignant at this unworthy restraint, he left his native country, and now resides at Manheim, where he has the title of Aulic Counsellor of the Palatinate of Bavaria. Besides this Tragedy, he is the Author of two others, *The Conspiracy of Fiesco*, and *Cabal and Love*. He was
likewise

likewise employed lately in the composition of a Tragedy on the story of *Don Carlos*; but whether it is yet finished or not, is uncertain. The three Plays above mentioned are published in one volume, printed at Manheim, by C. F. Schwan and G. C. Goetz, 1786.

PRE-

P R E F A C E.

OF this most extraordinary production, *The Tragedy of the Robbers*, it is probable that different opinions may be formed by the Critics, according to those various standards by which they are in use to examine and to rate the merit of dramatical compositions. To those who have formed their taste on Aristotelian rules, derived from the meagre drama of the Greeks, or on the equally regular, though more varied, compositions of the French stage, accommodated to the same rules, this Tragedy, as transgressing against the two chief unities of Time and Place, will be judged a very faulty composition. But even to such Critics, if they are endowed with
with

with any real perception of the sublime and beautiful, this composition will be acknowledged, in spite of its irregularity as a whole, to abound with passages of the most superior excellence, and to exhibit situations the most powerfully interesting that can be figured by the imagination.

ON the other hand, to those who are disposed to consider a strict adherence to the unities, as a factitious criterion of dramatic merit, as originating from no basis in nature or in good sense, and as imposing a limitation on the sphere of the drama, by excluding from it the most interesting actions or events, which are incapable of being confined within those rules, this performance will be found to possess a degree of merit that will intitle it to rank in the very first class of dramatical compositions. This Tragedy touches equally those great master-springs of Terror and of Pity. It exhibits a conflict of
the

the passions, so strong, so varied, and so affecting, that the mind is never allowed to repose itself, but is hurried on through alternate emotions of compassion and abhorrence, of anxiety and terror, of admiration and regret, to the catastrophe. The language too is bold and energetic, highly impassioned, and perfectly adapted to the expression of that sublimity of sentiment which it is intended to convey.

A distinguishing feature of this piece, is a certain wildness of fancy, which displays itself not only in the delineation of the persons of the drama, but in the painting of those scenes in which the action is laid. This striking circumstance of merit in the Tragedy of the Robbers was observed and felt by a critic of genuine taste, who, in an excellent account of the German Theatre, in which he has particularly analyzed this Tragedy, thus expresses himself: “ The intrinsic force
“ of this dramatic character, (the hero
b “ of

“ of the piece) is heightened by the sin-
 “ gular circumstance in which it is pla-
 “ ced. Captain of a band of inexorable
 “ and sanguinary banditti, whose furious
 “ valour he wields to the most desperate
 “ purposes; living with those associates a-
 “ midst woods and deserts, terrible and
 “ savage as the wolves they have displa-
 “ ced; this presents to the fancy a kind
 “ of preternatural personage, wrapped in
 “ all the gloomy grandeur of visionary
 “ beings*.”

BUT the circumstance which of all o-
 thers tends most powerfully to increase the
 interest of this Tragedy, while it impres-
 ses on the delineation of its scenes a strong
 stamp of originality, is the principle of
 Fatalism, which pervades the whole piece,
 and influences the conduct of the chief a-

* Account of the German Theatre, by Henry Mac-
 kenzie, Esq; Transactions of the Royal Society of E-
 dinburgh, vol. 2.

gents in the drama. The sentiment of moral agency is so rooted in the mind of man, that no sceptical sophistry, even of the most acute genius, is capable of eradicating it: And it is a singular phenomenon, that the opposing principle of fatalism, while it urges on to the perpetration of the most flagitious acts, has in reality no effect in weakening the moral feeling, or in diminishing that remorse which is attendant on the commission of crimes. For this reason, the compassionate interest which the mind feels in the emotions or sufferings of the guilty person, is not diminished by the observation, that he acts under an impression of inevitable destiny. On the contrary, there is something in our nature which leads us the more to compassionate the instrument of those crimes, that we see him consider himself as bound to guilt by fetters, which he has the constant wish, but not the strength to break. The hero of this piece, endowed by nature with the most generous feelings, anima-

ted by the highest sense of honour, and susceptible of the warmest affections of the heart, is driven by perfidy, and the supposed inhumanity of those most dear to him in life, into a state of confirmed misanthropy and despair. In this situation, he is hurried on to the perpetration of a series of crimes, which find, from their very magnitude and atrocity, a recommendation to his distempered mind. Believing himself an instrument of vengeance in the hand of the Almighty for the punishment of the crimes of others, he feels a species of savage satisfaction in thus accomplishing the dreadful destiny that is prescribed for him. Sensible, at the same time, of his own criminality in his early lapse from the paths of virtue, he considers himself as justly doomed to the performance of that part in life which is to consign his memory to infamy, and his soul to perdition. It will be allowed, that the imagination could not have conceived a spectacle more deeply interesting, more powerfully

fully affecting to the mind of man, than that of a human being thus characterised, and acting under such impressions.

THIS Tragedy has been performed on several of the theatres of Germany with a success correspondent to its merit.—So powerful, indeed, were its effects, and, as some thought, so dangerous, that in several States its representation was prohibited by the legislature. An anecdote which is current in Germany, if admitted to be a fact, shows that these ideas of a rigour apparently impolitic were not ill founded.

“ After the representation of this Tragedy
“ at Fribourg, a large party of the youth
“ of the city, among whom were the sons
“ of some of the chief nobility, captiva-
“ ted by the grandeur of the character of
“ its hero, *Moor*, agreed to form a band
“ like his in the forests of Bohemia, elect-
“ ed a young nobleman for their chief,
“ and had pitched on a beautiful young
“ lady for his Amelia, whom they were
“ to

“ to carry off from her parents house,
 “ to accompany their flight. To the ac-
 “ complishment of this design, they had
 “ bound themselves by the most tremen-
 “ dous oaths ; but the conspiracy was dif-
 “ covered by an accident, and its execu-
 “ tion prevented *.”

IF the Translator of *The Robbers* were not convinced that this anecdote, of which perhaps there has been some slight foundation in truth, has been very greatly exaggerated, and indeed altogether misrepresented, he would acknowledge himself to stand in need of a strong apology for introducing this piece to the knowledge of his countrymen: For who could justify himself to his own mind for disseminating and even recommending that composition, which has shown itself, by its effects, to be of the most dangerous tendency?—But

* Account of the German Theatre. Transactions of Royal Society of Edinburgh.

the Translator, encouraged by the testimony of his own feelings, makes a bold appeal to the feelings of others, and has no scruple to assert, that this piece, so far from being hostile in its nature to the cause of virtue, is one of the most truly moral compositions that ever flowed from the pen of genius: Nor is there a human being, whose heart is in the slightest degree susceptible of virtuous emotions, that will not feel them roused into a flame, and every latent principle of morality called forth, and strengthened by an exercise of the passions, as salutary as ever was furnished by imaginary scenes. For, what example so moral in its nature, as that of a noble and ingenuous mind yielding at first to the blandishments of pleasure, embarking heedlessly in a course of criminal extravagance, which leagues him with a society of the most worthless and profligate of his species — perpetually at war with his own better feelings, which give him the keenest pangs of remorse — the

bonds

bonds of this association becoming at length indissoluble, till, wading on gradually through scenes of increasing atrocity, he feels, in the shipwreck of all his happiness in this world, a dreadful anticipation of that inevitable doom of misery which he knows is to attend him in the next?—What is there, it must be asked, in an example of this kind, which is unfavourable to the cause of morality? Is it the grandeur of the character of *Moor*? But this very grandeur is the circumstance which makes the example more forcibly persuasive to virtue. The grandeur of his character consists in those excellent endowments of nature which guilt has poisoned and perverted to the bane of society, to a determined hostility against his own species, and to the most poignant misery of their once amiable possessor.—Is this a grandeur of character which incites to imitation, or which can corrupt by its example? Far otherwise. With equal justice might we arraign the poem of Milton

of immoral tendency, for having represented the arch-fiend with the characters of a fallen angel.—We admire, but it is with awe and horror.—We gaze on the precipice with an astonishment mixed with delight, but we draw back while we gaze on it.—The other principal characters in this Play have the most direct tendency to produce moral instruction. The weakness of an indulgent parent, whose overweaning affection for one of his sons excites the fraternal hatred of the other, is productive of the most miserable consequences. The unqualified depravity of the younger son, his fiend-like malevolence, and atrocious guilt, are attended with a punishment as horrible as it is merited.

THE exhibition of the Tragedy of the Robbers at Fribourg had in all probability produced among the youth of the public school some holiday-frolic, which in its consequences was serious enough to attract

tract the attention of the police of the city. Some boyish depredations might have been committed, and perhaps a youthful intrigue have been discovered, in which the principal party had availed himself of the aid of his companions.—These circumstances, magnified by report, will sufficiently account for the anecdote above mentioned.

A FRENCH translation of this Tragedy appears in the Theatre Allemand, published in twelve volumes 8vo, by Mess. Friedel and De Bonneville. The English Translator's opinion of that version is, that it is perhaps as good as the language of the translation will admit of: But as the French language in point of energy is far inferior to our own tongue, and very far beneath the force of the German, he owns he not without hopes that his translation may be found to convey a more just idea of the striking merits of the original.

THE



THE PERSONS.

MAXIMILIAN, COUNT DE MOOR.

CHARLES DE MOOR, }
FRANCIS DE MOOR, } His Sons.

AMELIA, his Niece.

SPIEGELBERG, }
SWITZER, }
GRIMM, }
SCHUFTERLE, } Young Libertines, who become Rob-
ROLLER, } bers.
RAZMAN, }
KOZINSKI, }

HERMAN, the Natural Son of a Nobleman.

A COMMISSARY.

DANIEL, an old Servant of the Count de Moor's.

SERVANTS, ROBBERS, &c.

The Scene is laid in Germany, at the time of the enactment of a perpetual peace, in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

T H E
R O B B E R S.

A C T I.

SCENE, *FRANCONIA.*

A Hall in Count de Moor's Castle.

The Old Count de Moor, and his Son Francis.

Francis.

BUT you are not well, Sir:—You look pale.

Old Moor.

Quite well, my son.—What have you to say to me?

Francis.

The Post is come in.—A letter from our correspondent at Leipzick—

A

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

(*Earnestly.*) Any news of my son Charles?

Francis.

Hm, hm Why, yes—but—I am afraid—if—you were ailing at all—or in the least indisposed—I beg pardon—I will tell you at a more convenient time. (*Half apart.*) Such tidings are not for a frail old man.

O. Moor.

God Almighty! What am I to hear!

Francis.

Let me step aside one moment, while I drop a tear of compassion for my poor lost brother.—But on this subject, as he is your son, I should be silent.—As he is my brother, I ought for ever to conceal his shame—Yet it is my first duty to obey you—in this instance, a melancholy duty.—Pity me, Sir! I need your pity!

O. Moor.

O Charles, Charles! if you knew how you tear your father's heart at this moment!—How the smallest good intelligence of you would add
years

years to his life.—Alas! every fresh account I hear brings me a step nearer to the grave!

Francis.

Is it so, old man?—Live then for me! Heaven forbid that I should e'er abridge your days *!

O. Moor.

Stay! There is but one step more;—one little step. Let him accomplish his will, (*sitting down.*) The sins of the fathers must be punished, to the third and fourth generation.—Be it even so!

Francis.

(*Taking the letter out of his pocket.*) You know our correspondent's writing. There—I would give a finger of my right hand, to be able to say he is a liar;—a black infernal liar. Call up all your fortitude, Sir.—Pardon me if I don't let you read this letter;—it were too much to know all at once.

O. Moor.

All, did you say? My son, you wish to spare this gray head; but——

Francis.

* GERM. *Wir würden noch heute die haare aufräusen über eerm sarge.* We will not tear our hair over your coffin to-day.

Francis.

(*Reads.*) “Leipzig, the 1st of May.—Your
 “brother seems now to have filled up the mea-
 “sure of his shame—unless indeed his genius
 “passes my comprehension. After contracting
 “debts to the amount of 40,000 ducats,” (a
 pretty sum this Sir), “and seducing the daugh-
 “ter of a rich banker, whose lover, a brave
 “young gentleman, he mortally wounded in a
 “duel, he thought proper last night, at midnight,
 “to decamp, with seven others of his profligate
 “associates, and thus evade the pursuit of jus-
 “tice” Father, for God’s sake,—Father,—How
 is it with you?

O. Moor.

It is enough.—Stop there, my son!

Francis.

Yes, I will spare you—I will indeed.—“They
 “have sent off warrants—the injured parties cry
 “aloud for justice—there is a price set upon his
 “head.—The name of *Moor*”——No—these lips
 shall not be guilty of a father’s murder. (*Tears
 the letter in pieces.*) Believe it not, Sir; believe
 not a syllable of it.

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

(*Weeps bitterly.*) My name!—My honourable name!

Francis.

Oh that he never had borne the name of Moor!—that my heart had not beat thus warmly for him!—Impious affection, that will not be suppressed, that must one day rise in judgement against me at the throne of God!

O. Moor.

O—all my prospects!—My golden dreams!

Francis.

I knew it well—'Twas what I always predicted.—That spirit of fire, said you, which sparkled forth even in his boyish years, which showed itself in an exquisite sensibility to every thing that was great or beautiful—that generous openness of character—the soul which spoke forth in his eyes—that tenderness of feeling, that manly courage, that youthful thirst of honour, that inflexible resolution, and all those shining qualities that adorn my darling son, will make him one day the delight of his friends, the support of his country,
—the

—the hero, the great man ! And now, Sir, what has all come to ? That spirit of fire has indeed displayed itself ! broke out with a vengeance—and produced glorious fruits indeed !—Observe that admired openness of character,—now confirmed audacity : That tenderness of feeling,—awake only to the allurements of the wanton ; sensible only to the charms of a Phryne ! Where now is that bright genius ?—Is the oil which supplied that resplendent lamp quite extinguished ?—Have six short years consumed it to the dregs ? And where is now your hero ? a spectre,—a body without life, that walks the earth, whom the mob shall point at as they pass along, and, scoffing, say, “ ’Twas love, forsooth, that made him so.” See now that spirit of enterprise, which has planned and executed such schemes, that the exploits of a Cartouche vanish before them. But when these splendid blossoms come to their full maturity,—for how can one expect perfection at so early an age,—perhaps, Father, you may have the satisfaction of seeing him at the head of one of those troops that chuse the hallowed recesses of the forest for their abode, and humanely ease the weary traveller of a part of his burden !—Perhaps, before you go to the grave, you may have it in your power to make a pilgrimage to the monument
which

which will be raised for him between heaven and earth!—Perhaps, Father—O my poor father! find out for yourself another name,—or the very boys in the streets will point their fingers at you, the boys who have seen your son's effigy in the market-place of Leipzick.

O. Moor.

And you too, my Francis—must you likewise?—O my children! how you pierce my heart!

Francis.

You see that I too have a spirit;—but my spirit is a scorpion's spirit!—Yes, that poor ordinary creature, that Francis, that stock, that wooden puppet, so frigid, so insensible;—and all those pretty epithets with which you were pleased to mark the contrast 'twixt the brothers, when he sat on your knee and pinched your cheek.—He, poor creature,—'twas of me you spoke,—he will die within his own bounds, moulder away, and be forgotten,—while his brother's fame, the renown of that great, that universal genius, shall fly from one extremity of the earth to the other!—Yes, with uplifted hands, I thank thee, Heaven! that the poor Francis, the cold, the stupid stock—has no resemblance of his brother.

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

Pardon me, my child.—Reproach not thy miserable father, whose fondest hopes are blasted for ever. — That God, who has ordained these tears to flow for the crimes of thy brother, has mercifully appointed that thou shouldst wipe them away.

Francis.

Yes, my Father,—thy Francis will wipe those tears away ;—thy Francis will sacrifice his own life to prolong the days of his father ;—thy life shall be the rule of all my actions—the spring of every thought :—nor shall there be in nature a tie so strong, a bond so sacred, as not to yield to that first of duties, the preservation, the comfort, of that precious life !—Do you not believe me, Sir ?

O. Moor.

Thou hast many and great duties to fulfil, my son.—May Heaven bless you for what you have done, and what you shall yet do for me.

Francis.

Say then at once, that you were happy if you could not call that wretch your son.

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

Peace, O peace! when he first came into life, when my arms sustained for the first time his infant limbs, did I not then appeal to heaven, did I not call God himself to witness of my happiness.

Francis.

You said so then.—How have you found it now? Is there even among your own servants, so low, so abject a being, that you would not exchange conditions with him;—enviable in this respect his lot, that he is not the father of such a son. Yes,—while he lives, what have you to look for but bitterness of soul—but still increasing torments? till nature herself shall sink under the weight of her affliction.

O. Moor.

Oh what a load of years has affliction already anticipated on these gray hairs!

Francis.

Well then—suppose you throw him off at once;—renounce for ever this ———

O. Moor.

(*Starting with emotion.*) What didst thou
B say?

say? renounce him! — Wouldst thou I should curse my son?

Francis.

Not so, my Father,—curse thy son! God forbid.—But whom dost thou call thy son?—Is it the monster to whom thou gavest life, and who in return does his utmost to abridge thy life?

O. Moor.

Unnatural child! ah me!—but still, still my child!

Francis.

Yes, an amiable, a precious child, whose continual study is to get rid of an old father.—O that you should be thus slow to discover his character:—Will nothing remove the scales from your eyes?—No—your indulgence must rivet him in all his vices; your support encourage, and even warrant them.—Thus you may avert the curse from his head—that eternal curse, which must now fall upon your own.

O. Moor.

'Tis just, most just:—Mine, mine alone is all the guilt.

Francis.

Francis.

How many thousands, who have drank deep of the cup of pleasure, have been reclaimed by suffering?—Is not the bodily pain which is the consequence of vice a certain mark of the interposition of Heaven? And must the tenderness of man impiously strive to avert that salutary consequence?—Think on that, Sir.—If he is exposed for some time to the pressure of misfortune, is it not probable he will amend?—But if, in the great school of affliction, he still remains incorrigible, then—woe be to that misguided parent, who counteracts the decrees of eternal Wisdom!—What say you, Father?

O. Moor.

I will write to him, that I throw him off for ever!

Francis.

'Twere right, and wisely done.

O. Moor.

That he never see my face again.—

Francis.

That will have a good effect.

O. Moor.

(*With emotion*), Till he become another man.—

Francis.

Right Sir, quite right.—But suppose him now to come like a hypocrite, and woo you to compassion, and fawn and flatter till he obtains his pardon; and the next moment he laughs at the fond weakness of his father, in the arms of his harlots.—No, no, Sir. Let him alone, till conscience awakens him;—then he will of his own accord return to his duty,—then may we expect a sincere amendment.

O. Moor.

I must write to him immediately. (*He is going out.*)

Francis.

Stop, Sir; one word more—I am afraid your anger may make you say something too harsh.—It would be cruel to drive him at once to despair.—And—besides, don't you think—that he might be apt to interpret a letter from your own hand, as perhaps a—sort of pardon—Would it not be better, Sir, if I should write to him?

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

Do so, my son.—Oh, it would have broke my heart to have written to him! Write to him, that—

Francis.

(Hastily.) Is that agreed then?

O. Moor.

Write to him, that a thousand tears of blood, a thousand sleepless nights—But don't, my son, don't drive him to despair.

Francis.

Come, Sir, Won't you go to bed,—this affects you too much.

O. Moor.

Write to him, that his father's heart—But do not drive him to despair! *(He goes off in great agitation.)*

Francis.

(Looking at him with an air of mockery.) Ay, be comforted, my good dotard. Never more shall you press your darling to your bosom;—no, there is a gulph between—distant as heaven from hell.—

He

He was torn for ever from your arms, before you knew it was possible you ever could have wished it.—These papers must not be seen;—that might be dangerous — if the hand-writing were known. (*He gathers up all the scraps of paper.*)—I should be a pitiful bungler indeed, if I knew not yet how to tear a son from the heart of his father, were they link'd together with chains of iron. —Courage my boy! the favourite's removed;—that's a giant's step.—But there is another heart, from which I must tear that image; ay, were that heart to break for it.—(*He walks with a striding step across the stage.*) I have a heavy debt of hatred against Nature; and by my soul! I'll make it good.—Why was that hideous burden of deformity laid upon me alone;—of all my race, on me alone? (*Stamps with his foot!*) Hell and damnation! on me alone;—as if she had formed me only of the scum, the very refuse of her stuff! She damn'd me from my birth! And here I swear eternal enmity against her —I'll blast her fairest works.—What are to me the ties of kindred! I'll burst those trammels of affection,—bonds of the soul.—I never knew their force:—She denied me the sweet play of the heart, and all its persuasive eloquence.—What must its place supply? Imperious

perious force;—henceforth be that the only servant of my wishes,—and all shall yield before me.

(Enter Amelia.—She comes slowly forward from the back part of the stage.)

Francis.

She comes! Aha! the medicine works;—I know it by her step.—I love her not;—but I cannot bear that another should be happy in those charms.—In my arms, shall they be choked and withered in the bud;—nor ever man shall reap their bloom.—Ha, what are you doing there? *(Amelia without observing him, tears a nosegay in pieces, and treads it under foot.)*

(Francis, Approaching with a malicious air.) What have these poor violets done to offend you?

Amelia.

(Starting, and measuring him with a long look.) Is it you!—you here! whom of all mankind I most desired to see.

Francis.

Me? Is it possible!—me of all mankind!

Amelia.

You, Sir, even you.—I have hungered—I have
thirsted

thirsted for the sight of you.—Stay, I conjure you.—Here, poisoner, let me enjoy my highest pleasure, let me curse thee to thy face.

Francis.

Why am I thus treated?—You wrong me, child;—go to the father, who —

Amelia.

The father, Ha! that father, who gives his son the bread of despair to eat—while he pampers himself with the richest delicacies;—who gluts his palled appetite with costly wines, and rests his palsied limbs in down,—while his son,—his noble son,—the paragon of all that's worthy, all that's amiable, that's great,—wants the bare necessaries of life.—Shame to you, monsters of inhumanity, unfeeling, brutal monsters!—His only son!

Francis.

I thought he had two sons.

Amelia.

Ay! he deserves many sons such as you.—Yes, when stretch'd on the bed of death, he shall extend his feeble hands, and seek to grasp for the last time his injured noble Charles, let him feel thy icy

icy hand, thou fiend, and shudder at the touch!
—Oh how sweet,—how delicious the curse of a
dying father!

Francis.

You rave, my child! I pity you!

Amelia.

Dost thou so?—Dost thou pity thy brother?—
No, savage! thou hatest him! Thou hatest me too,
I hope.

Francis.

I love thee, Amelia,—as my own soul I love
thee.

Amelia.

Well!—If you love me, can you refuse me one
small request?

Francis.

Nothing can I refuse thee,—were it my life
itself.

Amelia.

Well then!—I ask what you will grant, with all
your soul.—(*Proudly.*)—I ask you to—hate me! I
should die for shame, if, while I thought on Charles,
I could for a moment believe that thou didst not
hate me.—Promise me that thou wilt, and go,
—villain as thou art,—leave me.

Q

Francis.

Francis.

Charming enthusiast! How that empassioned soul enchants me! (*Puts his hand on Amelia's heart.*) Sweet flutterer! Palace of delight, where Charles reign'd sole monarch.—Temple sacred to his divinity!—He was ever present to those beautiful eyes—present even in thy dreams.—In him all animated being seem'd concentrated.—Creation itself spoke but of Charles alone to that enraptured soul!

Amelia.

(*With great emotion.*) Yes!—I own it was so!—Yes, in spite of you, barbarians, to the world I will avow it.—I love him—I adore him!

Francis.

How ungenerous, how cruel! to make so ill a return to so much fondness—nay, to forget—

Amelia.

Forget!—What mean'st thou, wretch?

Francis.

Wore he not once a ring of yours;—a ring you put yourself upon his finger? A diamond ring, a pledge of your fond love? It is a hard trial, I own, for the heat of youthful blood—and hardly
 refillible

resistible.—Those wantons have such arts, such fascinating charms—there is some apology for a young man—and then, how could he help it? he had nothing else to give her—surely she paid him amply for it by her careffes.

Amelia.

My ring to a wanton? how sayst thou?

Francis.

Fv, fy! 'twas infamous indeed.—But still, if that had been all—was it not eafv to have redeem'd it, however costly—a good Jew might have lent the money.—But perhaps she did not like the fashion of it—it may be he changed it himself for a handfomer!

Amelia.

(*Warmly.*) But *my* ring!—*my* ring!

Francis.

Ay, think of that.—Had I had fuch a jewel—and from Amelia too!—death itfelf fhould not have ravill'd it from this hand.—What think you, Amelia?—'Tis not the value of the diamond, 'tis not the coftlinefs of the work—'tis love that gives it value.—Dear child! she weeps—Oh! curf'd be

he that caus'd those precious tears to flow.—Ah!
and if you knew all—could you but see him now
—see him with those features!—

Amelia.

With what features, monster!

Francis.

Hush, hush, my gentle soul! ask me no further. (*Speaking as if apart, but loud enough to be heard by her.*) 'Twere something if that abominable vice had but a veil to conceal its deformity from the sight of the world—but how hideous its aspect, mark'd by the yellow livid eye—the hollow death-like features, the bones that pierce the shrivell'd skin—the broken faltering voice—the frail and tottering carcase, while the poison preys into the very marrow of the bones—Horrible and loathsome picture—Faugh! how the thought sickens! Do you remember, Amelia, that miserable object who died lately in the hospital—whose contagious breath tainted the air—whom modesty forbade to look at.—Recal, if thou canst, that loathsome image.—Such, O horrible to think! is now thy once lov'd Charles! His lips distil poison—his kisses pestilence and death—

Amelia.

Amelia.

Detested, shameless slanderer!

Francis.

Does this image of thy lover inspire thee with horror? Then paint him, Amelia, in your own imagination—the lovely, the divine, the angelic Charles! Go! enjoy the ambrosia of his lips,—inhale his balmy breath! (*Amelia hides her face with her hands.*) Oh extacy! What rapture in those embraces!—But is it not most unjust—nay cruel, to condemn a man because he is so unfortunate as to be the victim of disease? May not a great soul inhabit a foul carcase? (*With malignant irony.*) May not the beauties of the mind dwell in a tainted body—or the soft voice of love issue from the lips of corruption?—True indeed, if the poison of debauchery should taint the soul as well as the body; if impurity and virtue were inconsistent, as a withered rose loses its perfume, then——

Amelia.

(*With rapture.*) Ha! once more I know my Charles! my own Charles! Liar! 'tis false as hell! You know, monster! it is impossible! (*Francis remains for a while absorbed in thought,*
and

and then turns away suddenly, as if going out.)
Whither art thou going?—Does shame overpower thee?

Francis.

(Covering his face.) Let me begone—let my tears have their free course.—Cruel, tyrannic father! that could abandon to misery the best, the worthiest of thy children!—Let me hence this moment, to throw myself at his feet—and on my knees intreat him to heap upon my head that heavy malediction—To throw me off disinherit me for ever—To sacrifice my blood, my life, my all for him!

Amelia.

(Throws herself upon his neck.) Brother of my own Charles—most kind, most tender!

Francis.

O Amelia! how I love, how I admire that matchless constancy of affection!—Wilt thou pardon me that most severe, that cruel trial of thy love?—How hast thou justified all I hoped, all I could have wished to have found in thee! Those tears, those sighs—that ardent indignation!—Ah! such are the certain proofs how much our souls have ever sympathised!

Amelia.

Amelia.

(*Shakes her head.*) No! by the chaste light of heaven! Not an atom of him,—not a spark of his soul,—not a particle of his sensibility!—

Francis.

'Twas on a calm, still evening, the last before his departure for Leipzick, when taking me along with him to that grove which has so often witnessed the rapturous expressions of your passion, your vows of mutual love;—there, after a long silence, he took my hand in his; and while the tears almost choked his utterance, I leave my Amelia, said he—I know not how to account for it—but I have a sad presentiment that it is for ever! Do not abandon her, my dear brother.—Be her friend, her Charles! Should it happen, that Charles—should never return;—that he were gone for ever. (*He throws himself at Amelia's feet, and kisses her hand with ardour.*)—And he is gone for ever,—no more will he return;—and I have pledged my sacred promise.—

Amelia.

(*Springing back.*) Traitor! Are you now detected!—'I was in that very grove that we exchanged

changed our solemn plighted oaths, that no other love,—even after death—What an impious wretch art thou,—how execrable!—Quit my fight!

Francis.

You know me not, Amelia.—Still, still you know me not.

Amelia.

O I know you well,—most completely well at this instant.—And you my Charles's confidant! Yes sure—to you he would have opened all his soul;—on your bosom he would have shed those tears for me! sigh'd forth my name in your blasted ear.—As soon would he have written it on the pillory!—Quit my fight!

Francis.

You insult me grossly, Madam.

Amelia.

Quit my fight!—Thou hast robb'd me of a precious hour. May it be counted on thy worthless life!

Francis.

You hate me then?

Amelia.

Amelia.

I scorn you, wretch. Begone!

Francis.

What! (*Stamping with fury on the ground.*)
Thou shalt quake for this.—To be sacrificed to
an outcast! (*Goes off in a frenzy of passion.*)

Amelia.

Go, mean and infamous wretch! — Now
am once more with Charles!—Outcast, did he
say? the world is then unhinged:—Outcasts are
kings, and kings are outcasts! I would not change
the rags which that poor outcast wears for the im-
perial purple! What must be that look with which
he begs his bread! An eye of majesty itself,—a
look that dazzles into nought the splendour of the
proud, the pageant triumphs of the rich and
great. (*She tears the jewels from her neck.*)
To the dust with you, ye useless ornaments:—Go
load the unfeeling head of vanity.—Ye rich, ye
proud, be that wealth ye glory in your curse!
be your pleasures your poison!—Charles, Charles,
now I am worthy thee!

(*Exit.*)

D

SCENE,

SCENE, *An Inn on the frontiers of Saxony.*

Charles de Moor.

(Alone walking about with impatience.) What is become of those fellows? Sure they have been upon some scamper.—Here, house! get me some more wine! 'Tis very late, and the post not yet arrived. *(Putting his hand on his heart.)* How it beats here! Halloah! More wine! wine, I say! I need a double portion of courage to day—for joy, or for despair. *(Wine is brought,—Moor drinks, and strikes the table violently with the glass.)* What a damn'd inequality in the lot of mankind!—While the gold lies uselefs in the mouldy coffer of the miser, the leaden hand of poverty checks the daring flight of youth, and chills the fire of enterprize:—Wretches, whose income is beyond computation, have worn my threshold in dunning payment of a few miserable debts;—yet so kindly have I entreated them;—grasp'd them by the hand;—give me but a single day!—All in vain.—What are prayers, oaths, tears to them;—they touch not the scaly armour of an impenetrable heart!—

Enter Spiegelberg with Letters.

Spiegelberg.

A plague consume it! One stroke after another!

ther! Damnation! What thinkest thou, Moor?
It drives one to madness!—

Moor.

What is the matter now?

Spiegelberg.

The matter!—read—read it yourself.—Our
trade's at an end;—peace proclaimed in Germa-
ny*;—the devil consume those priests!

Moor.

Peace in Germany!

Spiegelberg.

'Tis enough to make a man hang himself:—
Club-law is gone for ever:—All fighting prohi-
bited, on pain of death:—Death and fury!
Moor, go hang yourself!—Pens must scribble,
where swords hack'd before!

Moor.

(*Throws away his sword.*) Then let cowards

D 2

rule,

* The action of this play is supposed to have passed in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian; (grandfather of Charles V.) who in 1506 procured that great enactment of the Imperial Diet, which established a perpetual peace between all the different States that compose the Germanic body. Before his time, they were constantly at war with each other, a state of society favourable to every species of depredation and outrage.

rule, and men throw by their arms.—Peace in Germany! Germany, this news has blasted thee for ever! Goose-quills for swords:—No, I wont think of it! Shall I tie down my tongue;—chain my will to their curst laws?—Peace in Germany! Curse on that peace, that would confine to earth the flight of an eagle.—Did peace ever make a great man?—’Tis war that makes the hero!—O, if the spirit of Herman were yet alive in his ashes! —Place me but at the head of a troop of men like myself, and out of Germany, beyond her limits.—No, no, no! It will not do.—’Tis all over with her,—her hour is come! Not an atom of spirit, not a free pulse in the posterity of *Barbarossa*!—Here, I bid adieu to all noble enterprise,—and seek once more my native peaceful fields!

Spiegelberg.

What the devil! you’ll play the prodigal son upon us?—A fellow like you, who has made more gashes with his sword than an attorney’s clerk has written lines in a leap-year! Fie, fie! shame upon it! Misfortune shall never make a coward of a man!

Moor.

Maurice!—I will ask pardon of my father, and think it no shame! Call it weakness, if you please
—it

—it is the weakness of a man;—and he who feels it not, must be either above humanity—or below it.—I steer the middle course.

Spiegelberg.

Go then! I know thee no longer for Moor! Have you forgot how many thousand times, with the glass in your hand, you scoff'd at the old hunks?—"Let him scrape and hoard as he will—" "I'll drink the more for it." Have you forgot that, Moor?—That was spoke like a man—like a gentleman—but now——

Moor.

Curse on you for that remembrance! May I be curs'd for ever having uttered it!—'Twas the speech of intoxication—my heart abhorr'd what my tongue expressed.

Spiegelberg.

(*Shaking his head.*) No, no—that's impossible—impossible, brother.—Confess that it is necessity that makes thee talk thus.—Come man, never fear! let things be ever so bad.—The more peril the more courage, the more they crush us, the higher we'll rise.—If the fates throw bars in our way, 'tis to make heroes of us.—Come along!

Moor.

Moor.

(*Peevishly.*) 'Tis my opinion, there's little occasion now for courage—when there's nothing to be done with it.

Spiegelberg.

So!—You would then give up the game—bury your talents in the earth?—Do you think our paultry exploits at Leipzick were the limits of human genius? Let us launch into the great world—Paris and London for me! There, if you give one the title of *honest man*, he knocks you down for it.—There a man has some pleasure in the trade—'tis on a grand scale.—What do you stare at? Such charming counterfeiting of hands, loading of dice, picking of locks, gutting of strong boxes!—Ay, Spiegelberg must be your master! Let the poor dog be hanged who chuses to starve rather than crook his fingers!

Moor.

(*Ironically.*) What, have you got that length?

Spiegelberg.

I think you mistrust me.—Stay till I get warm'd in the business, and you see wonders.—Your shallow brains will turn in your head when you hear the projects I shall form. (*Striking the table.*)

ble.) *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.*—You shall be jealous of me.

Moor.

(*Looking at him stedfastly.*) Maurice !

Spiegelberg.

(*Warmly.*) Yes, jealous of me—madly jealous you, and all of you.—I will invent such plans as shall confound every one of you.—How the light breaks in !—What great ideas dawn upon my mind—What giant-projects formed in this creative brain ?—Curs'd lethargy of the soul ! (*Striking his head.*) that chain'd my better judgement, cramp'd all my strength of mind—ruin'd all my prospects—I am now awake—I feel what I am, what I must yet be.—Go leave me—you shall all be indebted to my bounty for your support !

Moor.

You are a fool ! The wine has got into your head ! 'Tis that makes you bluster so.

Spiegelberg.

(*Still more animated.*) Spiegelberg, they will say, Art thou a magician, Spiegelberg ?—What a pity, Spiegelberg, says the King, thou wert not a general, thou would'st have made the Turks
creep

creep into their holes like rats.—Now I think I hear the Doctors say, what a loss it is this man had not been bred to phyfic;—he would have found out the *Felix vite*. Ah, had he turned his thoughts to finance, say your *Sullys*, what a figure would he have made;—he would have changed the very stones into gold.—The name of Spiegelberg shall fly from pole to pole! And you, ye cowards, ye reptiles, ye shall crawl in the dirt, while Spiegelberg shall soar to the temple of glory, with an eagle's flight!—

Moor.

A good journey to you! soar away from the top of the gallows to the pinnacle of glory!—In the shade of my paternal woods, in the arms of my Amelia, I court far nobler pleasures.—'Tis now eight days since I have written to my father to entreat his pardon. I have not concealed from him the smallest circumstance of my misconduct; and sincere repentance will ever find forgiveness.—Maurice, let us part—part never to meet again—the post is arrived—at this very hour my father's pardon is within these walls.

Enter Switzer, Grimm, Roller, and Schusterle.

Roller.

Roller.

Do you know, that there is a search for us?

Grimm.

That every moment we may expect to be apprehended?

Moor.

I am not surpris'd at it,—nor do I care how matters go.—Have none of you seen Razman? Did he speak of no letters that he had for me?

Roller.

I suppose he has some, for he has been looking for you a long time.

Moor.

Where is he? Where, where? (*Is going out.*)

Roller.

Stay, we desired him to be at this place. You tremble, Sir?

Moor.

I do not tremble.—What should I tremble for? Friends, this letter,—rejoice with me,—I am the happiest of men! Tremble! why should I tremble?—(*Switzer sits down in Spiegelberg's place, and drinks his wine.*)

E.

Enter

Enter Razman.

Moor.

(Running up to him.) The letter! where is the letter?

Razman.

(Giving him the letter, which he opens with eagerness.) What now? Why, you seem petrified!

Moor.

My brother's hand!

Roller.

What the devil is Spiegelberg about there?

Grimm.

The fellow's out of his senses;—he's playing tricks like a monkey;—he has got St Vitus's dance.

Schusterle.

His wits are a-wool-gathering:—He's making verses, I suppose.

Roller.

Spiegelberg! hey, Spiegelberg!—The beast does not hear me.—

Grimm.

Grimm.

(*Shaking him by the shoulder.*) Hallo! fellow, are you in a dream?

Spiegelberg.

(*Who all this time had been making gestures on his seat, like a man who is conceiving some great project, starts up with a wild aspect, and seizes Switzer by the throat.*)

Your purse, or your life!

(*Switzer, with great coolness, drives him against the wall.—All laugh. Moor lets fall the letter, and is going out in distraction.—The rest keep silence for a while, and look at each other.*)

Roller.

(*Stopping him.*) Moor, Where are you going?—What's the matter, Moor?

Grimm.

What can be the matter?—He's as pale as a corpse.—

Moor.

Lost! lost for ever! (*Rushes out.*)

Grimm.

He must have got strange news.—Let's see what it can be!

Roller.

(*Takes up the letter and reads.*) “ Unfortunate brother,” A pleasant beginning! “ I am sorry to inform you, that you have nothing more to hope for.—Your father says, you may go wherever your evil genius shall direct you:—He gives you up to perdition. He bids me tell you, that though you were to come in tears, and cling to his knees, you need not hope for pardon;—that you may expect a dungeon of the castle for your apartment, and bread and water for your sustenance, till your bristly hairs shall outgrow the feathers of an eagle, and your nails the claws of a vulture. These are his very words.—He orders me to stop here,—to bid you an eternal adieu.—I pity you from my soul.”

“ FRANCIS DE MOOR.”

Switzer.

There’s a pretty, sweet, little brother for you! —And this vermin is called Francis?

Spiegelberg.

(*Sneaking forwards.*) Bread and water, was that the word?—A fine life indeed! No, I shall find

find

find a better for you than that.—Didn't I always tell you, that I must think for you?

Switzer.

What does that blockhead say? This ass pretends to think for us all.

Spiegelberg.

Poor creatures! poor, lame, helpless animals! No hearts have you to attempt any thing that's great!

Roller.

Well, so we are—you are quite right.—But what do you propose for our relief?—What's your plan for raising us from this pitiful state? Come, give it us!

Spiegelberg.

(*Laughing with self-conceit.*) Poor things! to raise you from this pitiful state—Ha, ha, ha! Pitiful indeed! I thought you had a thimble-full of brains at least. You have made a fine cavalcade, and now you may stable your horses! Spiegelberg were an ass indeed, if he did not know his own course! I would make heroes of you—barons, princes, demigods!

Razman.

Razman.

Why, that's pretty well to begin with.—This is some break-neck enterprize, I dare engage—something that will cost a head or two at least.

Spiegelberg.

Not your head, I answer for it.—There's nothing wanting but courage!—As for the genius, the contrivance, I take that all upon myself.—Courage, I say! Switzer, courage! Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schusterle—Courage is the word!

Switzer.

Courage! if that were all, I have enough to go bare-foot through hell!

Razman.

Courage! I could fight the devil in his own shape, for a thief's body under the gallows!

Spiegelberg.

That's what I like! Well, if you have courage, let any one of you step forward, and say, "I have something yet to lose—I am not quite thread-bare." (*After a long pause.*) What, not a word among you?

Roller.

Roller.

What's the use of all this palaver?—If we have sense to comprehend it, and courage to execute it, speak it out!

Spiegelberg.

Well then, hearkee! (*He places himself in the middle of them, and with a solemn tone of adjuration.*) If there is a drop of German blood—of the blood of heroes, in your veins—come!—let us betake ourselves to the forests of Bohemia—form a troop of robbers, and —— What do you stare at? Is your little flash of courage out already?

Roller.

You are not the first rogue indeed who has set the gallows at defiance—and yet—what choice is left us?

Spiegelberg.

What choice?—Why, you have no choice.—Would you chuse to take up your abode in the dungeon for debtors, and spin hemp till you are bailed by the last trumpet—or would you gain your miserable morsel of bread with the spade and mattock? Would you beg an alms with a doleful tale under a window?—or would you enlist for recruits?—that's to say, if your hang-dog visages
did

did not betray you—and submit to the torments of purgatory, at the pleasure of an overbearing scoundrelly corporal—to run the gantlope, and dance to the music of the drum; or be chained like a galley-slave to a train of artillery?—There's what you have to chuse upon—a charming catalogue of delightful occupations!

Roller.

You are the prince of orators, Spiegelberg, when you want to make an honest man a scoundrel—But say, gentlemen, what's become of Moor?

Spiegelberg.

Honest man, say you? Will you be the less an honest man, if you follow my advice, than you are at present? What do you call honest? To ease the miser of a part of his load, and give him sound sleep and golden dreams for it; to bring the stagnating metal into circulation, to regulate the unequal balance of fortunes—in short, to bring back the golden age—to rid Providence of a burden, and save Him the trouble of sending war, pestilence, famine, and physic, among us;—to have the proud thought when you sit down to your meal, This is the fruit of my own ingenuity—this was gained by the courage of a lion—or
this

this the reward of my watchful nights—to draw the respect of all ranks and conditions.—

Roller.

And lastly, to enjoy the beatitude of translation into heaven, bodily, and alive; to set storm, and tempest, and Time himself at defiance, to soar away under the sun, moon, and stars, with the sweet birds in concert around you; and while kings and potentates are the food of worms, to have the honour of frequent visits from the royal bird of Jove.—Maurice, Maurice, have a care of yourself;—beware of the beast that has three legs.

Spiegelberg.

And you are afraid of that, you pitiful animal? Many a noble fellow, fit to have reformed the world, has rotted between heaven and earth.—And does not the renown of such men live for centuries?—ay for a millennium;—while the vulgar herd of kings and princes would be overlooked in the catalogue, but that the historian finds it necessary to complete his genealogical tree, and swell the number of his pages, for which his bookseller pays him by the sheet.—Ay! and when the traveller sees him dangling in the wind,—there, says he, muttering to himself, that man had no

water in his brains, I'll warrant him,—and curses the hardship of the times.

Razman.

Great and masterly, by Heaven!—Spiegelberg, thou hast a charm, like Orpheus, to lull the yelling Cerberus, conscience.—Take me to yourself;—I am yours for ever.

Grimm.

—And let them call it infamy.—What then? At the worst, 'tis but carrying a small dose of powder in our pocket, which will send us quietly over Styx,—to take a nap in that country where no cocks will crow to waken us.—Courage, Maurice!—that's Grimm's confession of faith. (*Gives him his hand.*)

Schusterle.

—Zounds! What a hurly-burly's in this head of mine. It's a fair auction:—Mountebanks, Lotteries,—Alchymists,—Pickpockets,—you have all your chance;—and he that offers most, shall have me.—Give me your hand, cousin.

Switzer.

(*Comes forward slowly, and gives his hand to Spiegelberg.*)

Spiegelberg.) Maurice, thou art a great man ;—
or rather—the blind fow has smel't out the mast.

Roller.

(After a long silence, with his eyes fixed on Switzer.) What, And you too, friend—give me your hand.—Roller and Switzer for ever ;—ay, to the pit of hell !

Spiegelberg.

(Cuts a caper.) Up to the stars, my boys !
A free course to your Cæsars and your Catilines.—
Courage ! Off with your glasses.—Here's a health
to the god Mercury !

All *(drinking.)* Here he goes !

Spiegelberg.

Now, for business ! A twelvemonth hence we
shall be able to buy earldoms.

Switzer.

(Muttering.) Yes, if we are not broke on
the wheel. *(They are going off.)*

Roller.

Softly, my boys, softly,—where are you going ?

—The beast must have a head to its body.—Rome and Sparta could never have stood without a chief to command them.

Spiegelberg.

(*In a tone of complacence.*) Yes,—very right.—Roller speaks to the purpose;—we must have a chief,—a man of talents, great reach, a politic head.—Ha, ha! (*Standing with his arms across.*) When I think what you were a few minutes ago, and what a single lucky thought has made of you *now*.—Yes, truly you must have a chief;—and you'll own, that he that struck out a thought of that kind had a head-piece,—wise, crafty, politic.—

Roller.

If there was any hope,—any chance that,—but I despair of his consent.

Spiegelberg.

(*Cajoling.*) Why despair, my friend;—difficult as it may be to guide the ship when she's buffeted by the winds and waves, and however cumbersome may be the weight of a diadem,—speak it out boldly, my boy.—Perhaps—he may be prevailed upon.

Roller.

Roller.

It will be all children's play if he's not our leader.—Without Moor, we are a body without a soul.

Spiegelberg.

(Turning aside peevishly.) Blockhead!

Enter Moor, with wild gestures, stalks backwards and forwards, speaking to himself.

Moor.

Men!—Men! false! treacherous crocodiles! Your eyes are water! your hearts are iron! kisses on your lips! and poniards in your bosom! The lion and the panther feed their whelps—the raven strips the carrion to bring to her young; and he—he!—Whatever malice can devise I have learnt to bear—I could smile when my enemy drinks of my heart's blood.—But when a father's love becomes a fury's hate—O then, let fire rage here where once was humanity!—the tender-hearted lamb become a tyger—and every fibre of this tortured frame be rack'd—to ruin and despair!

Roller.

Harkee, Moor—what's your opinion—Is n't the
life

life of a robber better than starving in a dungeon on bread and water ?

Moor.

Why did not this soul inhabit the tyger's bosom, that satiates his maw on human flesh !—Was that a father's kinknefs !—Love for love !—Would I were a bear of the North, and could arm my ravenous kind against those murderers !—To repent, and not to be forgiven !—Oh ! I could poison the ocean, that they might drink death in every source !—I trusted to his compassion—relied on it wholly—and found no pity !

Roller.

Hear me, Moor, hear what I say !

Moor.

It is incredible—all a dream.—So earnest a request, a picture of misery so strong—contrition so sincere !—the most savage beast would have melted to compassion—stones would have wept ; and yet—If I should publish it to the world, it would not be believed—'twould be thought a libel on the human species ; and yet—Oh ! that I could blow the trumpet of rebellion through all nature, and summon heaven, earth, and seas, to war against this savage race !

Grimm.

Grimm.

Do you hear, Moor! This frenzy makes him deaf!

Moor.

Begone! fly. — Is not your name Man? Was not you born of woman? Out of my sight, with that human face!—I loved him with such unutterable affection. — No son ever loved a father so! I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for him. (*Stamping with fury.*) Ha! where is he that will put a sword in my hand, to extinguish with one mortal blow this viperous race!—that will teach me where to strike, that I might destroy the germ of existence!—Oh! he were my friend, my angel, my god!—I would fall down and worship him!

Roller.

We will be such friends—let us but speak to you.

Grimm.

Come with us to the forests of Bohemia—we'll form a troop of robbers—and then—(*Moor stares at him.*)—

Switzer.

Thou shalt be our Captain!—Thou *must* be our Captain!

Spiegelberg.

Spiegelberg.

(*Sits down in rage.*) Slaves and poltroons!

Moor.

Who put that thought in your head? tell me, firrah! (*Seizing Roller with a rough grasp.*) That *man's* heart of thine never conceived the project! Who put it in your head? — Yes, by the thousand arms of death! that we will—that we *shall* do! 'Tis a thought worthy of a divinity!—Robbers and assassins—as my soul lives, I will be your Captain!

All.

(*With a loud shout.*) Long live the Captain!

Spiegelberg.

(*Aside.*) Till I give him his *mittimus*!

Moor.

So now!—The scales drop from my eyes! What a fool I was to think of returning to my cage! My soul thirsts for action, my spirit pants for liberty! —Robbers and assassins! with those words I set all laws at defiance!—Man had no humanity when I appealed to humanity! Pity and compassion! here let me throw you off for ever!—I have no
father

father—no affection more! Come, Death and Murder be my masters! and teach me to forget that this heart e'er knew what fondness was! Come to my soul, ye fiends! Now for some horrible exploit.—'Tis resolved, I am your Captain, —and glory to him who most shall murder and destroy—he shall have a king's reward.—Here, stand around in a circle, and swear to be true to me till death!

All.

(*Giving him their hands.*) Till death! (*Spiegelberg walks aside dissatisfied.*)

Moor.

And now, by this man's right hand, (*Stretching out his hand.*) I swear to be your faithful commander—till death! Now, by my soul, I'll make a corpse of him who first shews fear among you! And when I break this oath, be such my fate from you!—Are you agreed?

All.

(*Throwing their hats in the air.*) We're all agreed— (*Spiegelberg grins a malicious smile.*)

Moor.

Then let us go! Fear neither danger nor death

—our destiny has long been fixed, unalterable—
and each shall meet his end as fate decrees—on
the down bed, or in the bloody field—the gib-
bet, or the wheel—one of these deaths we die
for certain!—

(Exeunt.)

Spiegelberg.

The catalogue's defective! you have forgot
treason!

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, *Moor's Castle.*Francis de Moor *alone in his apartment.*

I'VE lost all patience with these doctors. — An old man's life is an eternity. — Must my noble plans creep the snail's pace of a dotard's lingering hours of life? If one could point a new track for death to enter the fort! — *That to tear the soul should kill the body!* — Ay, that were something! an original invention! — He that should make that discovery were a second Columbus in the empire of death! — Think on that, Moor. — 'Twere an art worthy to have thee for its inventor! — How then shall we begin the work? — What horrible emotion would have the force to break at once the thread of life? *Rage?* No! that hungry wolf surfeits himself, and regorges his meal! *Grief?* That's a worm that lingers in the flesh, and mines his way too slowly! — *Fear?* No! hope blunts his dart, and will not let him strike his prey! — What! are these our only executioners? Is the arsenal of

death so soon exhausted? Hum!—hum! (*Musing,*) What now?—No more?—Ha! I have it! *Terror* is the word!—What is proof against *Terror*? Reason, religion, hope—all must give way before this giant fiend!—And then—should he even bear the shock—there's more behind.—*Anguish of mind*, come aid the imperfect work!—*Repentance*, gnawing viper of the soul—monster that ruminatest thy baneful food!—And thou *Remorse*! that livest on thy mother's flesh, and wast'st thine own inheritance!—And you, even you, ye powers of Grace and Mercy! give your aid! Ye blissful years o'erpast, display your charms to memory's fond retrospect, and poison with your sweets the present hour!—Ye scenes of future bliss, combine to wound—shew him the joys of paradise before him, and hold the dazzling mirror out to hope, but cheat his feeble grasp!—Thus let me play my battery of death—stroke after stroke incessant—till nature's mound is broken—and the whole troop of furies seize the soul, and end their work by horror and despair! Triumphant thought!—So now—the plan's my own! Now for the work!

Enter Herman.

Ha! *Deus ex machinâ!* Herman!

Herman.

Herman.

Herman, at your service, good Sir!

Francis.

(*Gives him his hand.*) I am much obliged to you, Herman. I am not ungrateful.

Herman.

I have proofs of that, Sir.

Francis.

You shall have more anon—anon, good Herman!—I have something to say to you, Herman.

Herman.

I hear you with a thousand ears!

Francis.

I know you well—you're resolute and brave—you have a foldier's heart!—My father, Herman—by heavens, he wrong'd you much!

Herman.

By hell, I won't forget it!

Francis.

That's spoken like a man! Revenge becomes

a man ! I like you, Herman ! Here, take this purse !—It should be heavier, were I the master here.

Herman.

Good Sir, I thank you heartily.—'Tis my most earnest wish you were so.

Francis.

Say you so, good Herman ? Do you really,—do you in your heart wish me to be the master ?—But my father,—he has the marrow of a lion in his bones ; and I am but a younger son.—

Herman.

I wish you were the elder,—and he in the last stage of a consumption.

Francis.

Ha ! were that the case, the eldest son would not forget you, my friend.—Then would he raise you from the dust ;—from that low condition which so ill becomes your merits, — nay, your birth : — he would draw you forth into light : — Then should you roll in gold,—a splendid equipage ;—then would,—but I have wandered from what I meant to say.—Have you quite forgot the fair Edeldreich, Herman ?

Herman.

Herman.

Thunder of Heaven! Why have you called up that idea?

Francis.

You lost her.—'Twas my brother that was the conjurer there. —

Herman.

He shall pay dearly for it.

Francis.

She dismissed you, I believe,—and he thrust you down stairs. —

Herman.

I shall thrust him down to hell for that.

Francis.

He used to say, 'twas whispered, that your father never could look at you, without smiting his breast, and crying " God-a-mercy on my sins!"

Herman.

(*Furiouſly.*) Lightning blaſt him!—Stop there!

Francis.

He adviſed you to ſell your patent of nobility to mend your ſtockings.

Herman.

Herman.

Hell consume him! I'll tear his eyes out with these nails.—

Francis.

What! you are exasperated at him.—Poor Herman! What signifies your malice? What harm can you do to him? What can a rat do to a lion?—Your rage but makes his triumph the sweeter:—You have nothing for it but to grind your teeth in silence,—to spend your fury in gnawing at a dry crust.

Herman.

(*Stamping with his feet.*) I'll crush him,—trample him beneath my feet!

Francis.

(*Clapping him on the shoulder.*) Fy, Herman! You are a gentleman.—His affront must not be put up with.—You would not renounce the lady? No, not for the world.—Fire and fury! I would move heaven and earth if I were in your place!

Herman.

I will not rest till I have him under my feet.

Francis.

Francis.

Not quite so outrageous, Herman.—Come near,
—thou shalt have Amelia.

Herman.

I'll have her! in spite of hell, I'll have her!

Francis.

You shall have her, I tell you,—and from my hand.—Come near!—You don't know perhaps that Charles is as good as disinherited.

Herman.

(*Coming near.*) Impossible! I never heard a syllable of that.

Francis.

Be quiet, and hear me!—Another time I'll tell you more of this.—It's now eleven months since he has been in a manner banished.—But the old man begins to repent a little of the precipitate step he has taken; though (*smiling*) I flatter myself it was not all his own doing neither;—and the girl too,—Amelia I mean,—pursues him incessantly with her tears and reproaches.—He'll be sending in quest of him by and by all over the
H world;

world; and if he is found, good night to you, Herman!—You may then make your obeifance, and humbly open the coach-door when he goes to church with her.

Herman.

I'll ftrangle him at the altar!

Francis.

His father will foon give up his eftates to him, and live in retirement at his folitary caftle.—Then that proud hot-headed blufterer will have the reins in his own hand,—and laugh his enemies to fcorn;—and I, Herman, I who would make a man of you, and load you with riches,—I myfelf muft make my humble obeifance at his door.—

Herman.

(*Warmly.*) No, as fure as my name is Herman, that fhall never be! If there is a fpark of invention in this head, that fhall never be.

Francis.

Will you prevent it? You too, my dear Herman, muft fink beneath his fcourge.—He'll fpit in your face when he meets you in the ftreets;—and woe be to you, if you but fhrug a fhoulder, or crook
your

your mouth at him!—Ay—there's the amount of all your fine prospects, your hopes of love, your mighty plans. ——

Herman.

(*Eagerly.*) Tell me then what I must do.

Francis.

Hear then, Herman! You see how I enter into your feelings like a true friend.—Go, change your cloaths—disguise yourself, so as not to be known—get yourself announced to the old man as one that is just returned from Hungary—give out, that you was with my brother at the last battle, and that you was present when he breathed his last upon the field!——

Herman.

Will they believe me?

Francis.

Pho! let me alone for that.—Take this packet—Here you'll find a commission, and all the necessary documents, that would convince suspicion itself of the truth of your story.—Only be quick in getting out, and take care you are not seen.—Slip out by the back door into the court, and

thence over the garden-wall.—As for the winding up of the plot, leave that to me !

Herman.

And then it will be, “ Long live our new master, our noble Lord, Francis de Moor !”

Francis.

(*Patting him on the cheek.*) Ha ! what a cunning rogue you are—you see it at the first glance ! For look’ye how sure and how quick the project works—Amelia’s hopes are gone at once—The old man lays his son’s death at his own door—he falls sick—A tottering house does not need an earthquake to bring it down—He’ll never outlive your intelligence—Then—then I am his only son—Amelia has lost every support, and is the plaything of my will—Then you may easily guess what follows—you—in short all goes to a wish.—But you must not flinch from your word !

Herman.

Flinch ! did you say ?—The ball might as soon fly back to the cannon !—you may depend on me. Farewel.

Francis.

Francis.

(Running after him.) Remember, 'tis all for yourself you are working. *(Follows him with his eyes to the end of the stage—and then breaks out into an infernal laugh.)* Keen, earnest, to a wish!—How impetuously the blockhead throws off his honesty, to snatch at an object, that the smallest spark of common sense must convince him he can never attain. *(Peevishly.)* No—that's unpardonable! This fellow is an arrant knave—and yet he trusts to one's promise.—It costs him nothing to deceive an honest man—and yet when deceived himself he never will forgive it.—Is this the boasted lord of the creation! Pardon me, Dame Nature! if I owe you a grudge for that form you have given me.—Complete your work, by stripping me of every vestige of humanity.—Man! thou hast forfeited all my regard—nor in my conscience do I think there is the smallest crime in doing all I can to injure thee!

(Exit.)

SCENE,

SCENE, *Count de Moor's Bed-chamber.*

The Count asleep, Amelia.

Amelia.

Softly,—oh softly,—he is asleep. (*She stops and looks at him.*) How good! how venerable!—Such is the countenance with which they paint the blessed saints!—Angry with thee! Oh no—with that gray head! Oh never, never! (*She scatters a bunch of roses upon the bed.*)—Sweet be thy slumber, as the roses sweet perfume. May the image of Charles visit you in your dreams! May you wake in a bed of roses!—I too will go sleep amidst perfumes;—mine is the Rosemary. (*She goes a few steps.*)

O. Moor.

(*In his sleep.*) My Charles! my Charles! my Charles!

Amelia.

Hark! His guardian angel has heard my prayer! (*Coming near him.*) 'Tis sweet to breathe the air in which his name was uttered.—I'll stay here.

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

(Still in his sleep.) Are you there? Are you truly there? Ah! do not look so pitifully upon me!—I am miserable enough already! *(He stirs restlessly.)*

Amelia.

(Wakens him hastily.) Uncle! my dear uncle!—'Twas but a dream!

O. Moor.

(Half awake.) Was he not there? Had I not his hand in mine?—Is not this the smell of roses? O hateful Francis, will you not let me dream of him?

Amelia.

(Drawing back.) Mark'st thou that, Amelia!

O. Moor.

(Wakens.) Where am I?—Are you here, my niece?

Amelia.

You had a delightful sleep, uncle.

O. Moor.

I was dreaming of my Charles.—Why did they break my dreams?—I might have had my pardon from his mouth.

Amelia.

Amelia.

(*Passionately.*) His pardon! Angels have no resentment. He forgives you, uncle. (*Pressing his hand.*) Father of my Charles, I forgive you too.

O. Moor.

No, no, my child,—that wan cheek,—that deadly pale bears witness,—in spite of thee! Poor girl! —I have blasted all the promise of thy spring,—thy joys of youth. —Don't forgive me,—but oh, do not curse me!

Amelia.

Can there be a curse of love*?—Here it is then, my father. (*Kisses his hand with tenderness.*)

O. Moor.

(*Rising from the bed.*) What's here, my child? Roses? Did you strew these roses here? On me?—On me, who killed your Charles?

Amelia.

I strew'd them on his father! (*Falling on his neck.*) No more on him can I strew them!

* GERM. *Die liebe hat nur einen fluch gelernt.* Love has learnt but one curse.

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

With what delight would'st thou have done so!—And yet, my child, unknowingly 'tis done;—for see,—know you that picture? (*Drawing aside the curtain of the bed.*)

Amelia.

(*Rushing towards the picture.*) 'Tis Charles!

O. Moor.

Such was he in his sixteenth year.—But now how changed!—I shudder to think upon it.—That sweetness, now fell misanthropy—that smile, despair!—Is't not so, Amelia?—It was upon his birth-day—in the bower of jessamine, that you drew that picture of him.

Amelia.

O, never will I forget that day!—Past and gone for ever! He sat just before me—a ray of the setting sun shone full upon his face—and his dark locks floated carelessly on his neck! O, in that hour 'twas all the woman here—the artist was forgot—the pencil fell from my hand—and my trembling lips fed, in imagination, on every line and track of that dear countenance!—My heart was full of the original.—The weak, inanimate

I

touches

touches fell feebly on the canvas—languid as those faint traces which the memory bears of music that is past * !——

O. Moor.

Say on! continue thus! these images bring back past time.—O my child, I was so happy in your loves!

Amelia.

(*Keeping her eyes still on the picture.*) No, no—it is not he!—no, no, by heaven! 'Tis not my Charles!—Here! (*Striking her heart and her forehead,*) Here he is quite himself—so like—but there so different.—The pencil can give no idea of that soul that spoke in his countenance!—Away with it—'tis a poor image—an ordinary man!—Oh! I was a mere novice in the art!

Enter Daniel.

Daniel.

There is a man without who wishes to see you, Sir. He says he brings tidings of importance.

O. Moor.

To me, Amelia, there is but one subject of

* GERM. *Gefirliche adagio.* Soft music of yesterday.

such tidings—you know it.—Perhaps 'tis some poor wretch who comes to me for charity—for relief—he shall not go hence in sorrow.

(Exit Daniel.

Amelia.

A beggar!—and he is let in at once!

O. Moor.

Amelia! Oh spare me, my child!

Enter Francis, Herman in disguise, and Daniel.

Francis.

Here is the man, Sir. He says he has terrible news for you.—Can you bear to hear it, Sir?

O. Moor.

I know but one thing terrible to hear.—Speak it out, friend.—Give him some wine there.

Herman.

(*In a feigned voice.*) Will your honour take no offence at a poor man because he brings you bad news?—'tis against his will. I am a stranger in this country—but I know you well: you are the father of Charles de Moor.

O. Moor.

How know you that ?

Herman.

I know your son——

Amelia.

Is he alive ?—is he alive ?—Do you know him ?
—Where is he ?—where, where ? (*Is running out.*)

O. Moor.

Do you know my son ?

Herman.

He studied at the university of Leipzick.—Whither he went from thence I know not.—He wandered all over Germany bare headed and bare footed, as he told me himself, and begg'd his bread from door to door !—About five months afterwards that terrible war broke out between the Poles and Turks—and being quite desperate, he followed the victorious army of King Matthias to the town of Pest.—Give me leave, said he to the King, to die on the bed of heroes !—I have no father now !——

O. Moor.

O do not look at me, Amelia !

Herman.

Herman.

He got a pair of colours—he followed Matthias in his victories;—he and I slept in the same tent—often did he speak of his old father—of the days of his former happiness—and of his blasted hopes—till his eyes ran over at the thought!—

O. Moor.

(*Hiding his head.*) Enough, enough, — no more!—

Herman.

Eight days afterwards, we had a hot engagement.—Your son behaved like a gallant soldier.—He did prodigies that day,—as the whole army witnessed;—he saw five regiments successively relieved, and he kept his ground. A whole shower of fire was poured in on every quarter.—Your son kept his ground;—a ball shattered his right hand;—he seized the colours with the left, and still he kept his ground.—

Amelia.

(*In transport.*) He kept his ground, father! he kept his ground!

Herman.

On the evening of the day of battle, I found
him

him lying on the field,—on that same spot.—With his left hand he was stopping the blood that flowed from a large wound. He had buried his right hand in the earth.—Fellow foldier, said he, I am told that the General has fallen an hour ago.—He is, fallen, said I, and you — Well then! said he,—every brave foldier ought to follow his General.—He took his hand from the wound ;—and in a few moments—he breathed his last — like a hero.

Francis.

(*Pretending rage.*) Curs'd be that tongue! —May it be dumb for ever.—Wretch! Are you come here, to be our father's executioner?—to murder him?—My father! Amelia! My dear father!

Herman.

It was the last request of my dying friend.—Take this sword, said he, in a faltering voice,—carry it to my old father.—It is marked with the blood of his son.—Tell him, his malediction was my doom:—'twas that which made me rush on battle, and on death.—I die in despair.—The last word he uttered was,—*Amelia.*

Amelia.

Amelia.

(*As if starting from a deep reverie.*) The last word was Amelia!

O. Moor.

(*With a dreadful shriek, and tearing his hair.*) My malediction was his death! He died in despair!

Herman.

Here is the sword,—and here a picture that he took from his bosom at the same time.—Methinks it is this lady's picture.—This, said he, my brother Francis will—What more he would have said, I know not.

Francis.

(*With astonishment.*) To me, that picture? To me? Amelia to me?

Amelia.

(*Coming up to Herman with fury.*) Impostor! Villain, base, hired, perfidious villain! (*Seizes him rudely.*)

Herman.

Madam, I know nothing of it.—Look at it yourself:—See whether it is your picture:—Perhaps you gave it him yourself.

Francis.

Francis.

By heavens! Amelia, 'tis your picture!
Yours, as I live!

Amelia.

(*Giving it back.*) 'Tis mine!—'tis mine!
O heaven and earth!

O. Moor.

(*With an agonizing cry.*) Oh, Oh! My malediction was his death! He died in despair!

Francis.

He thought of me in the last moment of existence:—Of me!—Blessed spirit,—when the hand of death was on him!—

O. Moor.

'Twas I that gave him my curse! he died by my hand!—he died in despair!—

Herman.

(*With real emotion, and much agitated.*) I cannot stand it! This sight of misery unmans me! My Lord, farewell.—(*Aside to Francis.*) Have you a heart? How could you do this?

(*Exit hastily.*)

Amelia.

Amelia.

(*Running after him.*) Stay, stay! what was his last word?

Herman.

(*Coming back.*) With his last breath, he sigh'd
Amelia! (*Exit.*)

Amelia.

Amelia! with his last sigh!—No, thou art no impostor—it is true—alas, too true! He is dead! my Charles is dead!

Francis.

What do I see? What is that upon the sword?
—written in blood—Amelia!

Amelia.

With his blood?

Francis.

Am I in a dream? or is it really so?—Look at these characters—they are traced in blood: “*Francis, do not abandon my Amelia!*” See again—see here, on the other side, “*Amelia, all-powerful death has freed you from your vows!*” Do you mark that? With his dying hand he traced it—he wrote it with his heart’s
K blood

blood—yes, on the awful brink of eternity he wrote it !

Amelia.

Almighty God ! it is his hand.—Oh ! he never loved me ! *(Exit.*

Francis.

(Stamping with his feet.) Damnation ! he has a heart of adamant ! thus buffeted, and yet unbroken—all my art is lost upon him !——

O. Moor.

O misery ! My child, my daughter, do not abandon me ! *(To Francis.)* Wretch ! give me back my son !

Francis.

Who was it that gave him his malediction ?—who was it that made him rush on battle and on death ?—who drove him to despair ?—Oh ! he was a charming youth ! a curse upon his murderers !

O. Moor.

(Beating his breast and forehead.) A curse ! a curse ! curse on the father who murdered his own son ! I am that cursed father ! He loved *me*, even in death ! To expiate my vengeance, he rush'd on battle and on death !—Monster that I am ! Oh monster !

Francis.

Francis.

(*With malignant irony.*) He's dead—what signifies this idle lamentation.—'Tis easier to murder a man than to bring him alive!

O. Moor.

Wretch! it was you who made me throw him off, —who forced that malediction from my heart! —'Twas you! —you! —O give me back my son!

Francis.

Rouse not my fury.—I abandon you in death!

O. Moor.

Monster! inhuman monster! give me back my son! (*He rises furiously, and endeavours to seize Francis by the throat, who runs out.*) Ten thousand curses on thy head! lightning of heaven consume thee! —Thou hast robb'd me of my only son! (*He sinks aown.*) Oh! oh! —to be in despair—and not to die! —They abandon me in death.—Is my good angel fled? —Yes! every angel must desert the murderer—the hoary murderer! —Oh! oh! will none for pity hold this head—will none release this spirit—no son! no daughter! no friend! —Is there to be found not one kind — Oh! despair — and not to die! (*He faints.*)

Amelia.

(*Coming slowly in, sees him, and shrieks.*)
Dead! quite dead! (*Rushes out in despair.*)

SCENE, *The Forests of Bohemia.*

Razman enters from one side of the stage, and Spiegelberg, with a band of robbers, from the other.

Razman.

Welcome, brother! welcome, my brave fellow, to the forests of Bohemia (*They embrace.*) Where have you ranged, in lightning and in tempest? Whence come you now?

Spiegelberg.

Hot from the fair of Leipzick at present.—There was rare sport!—ask Schusterle.—He bid me congratulate you on your safe return.—He has joined our Captain's great troop on the road. (*Sitting down on the ground.*) And how has it fared with you since we left you? How goes the trade?—I could tell you of such feats, my boy, that you would forego your dinner to hear them.

Razman.

Razman.

I have no doubt on't.—We heard of you in all the newspapers —But where the devil have you picked up all this canaille?—Blood and thunder! you've brought us a little army—you recruit like a hero!

Spiegelberg.

Han't I?—ay, and a set of clever dogs too!—Hang up your hat in the sun, and I'll lay you five pounds 'tis gone in a twinkling, and the devil himself shan't tell where.

Razman.

(*Laughing.*) The Captain will make you welcome with these brave boys.—He has got some fine fellows too.

Spiegelberg.

Pshaw! your Captain!—Put his men and mine in comparison!—Bha!

Razman.

Well, well, yours may have good fingers—but I tell you our Captain's reputation has got him some brave fellows! Men of honour!

Spiegelberg.

Spiegelberg.

So much the worse.

Enter Grimm, running in.

Razman.

What now? Who's there? Are there any travellers in the forest?

Grimm.

Quick! Quick! Where are the rest? Zounds! do you stand chattering there?—Don't you know—poor Roller?

Razman.

What now? What of him?

Grimm.

He's hang'd, that's all,—he and four more.

Razman.

Roller? What?—When?—Where did you hear it?

Grimm.

We heard nothing of him for three weeks.—He was all that time in jail, and we knew nothing of it:—He was three times put to the rack, to make him discover his captain:—The brave fellow never squeak'd.—Yesterday he got his sentence,

tence,—and this morning—he went off express to the devil.——

Razman.

Damnation! Has the Captain heard of it?

Grimm.

He heard of it only yesterday:—He is foaming with rage:—You know he always thought highly of Roller;—and now that he underwent the rack—We got ropes and a ladder to try to get him out,—but it was all in vain.—Moor himself put on the dress of a Capuchin, and got in to him.—He endeavoured to persuade him to change clothes with him,—but Roller positively refused.—And now the Captain has sworn an oath, that made all our hairs stand on end! He vows he will light him such a funeral pile as never king had;—he will burn them alive.—The town itself, I fear, will go for it:—He has long owed them a spite for their intolerable bigotry:—And you know, when he says, “I’ll do it,” ’tis as good as if we had done it already.

Razman.

Ah! good God! poor Roller!

Spiegelberg.

Spiegelberg.

“*Memento mori.*” What care I? (*Sings.*)

The gallows, my boy, whene'er I pass by,

I cock my left eye, and I blink with the tother;

When I see the poor rogue on't, says I, my dear brother,
You may hang there for me.—Who's the fool, you or I?

Tol de rol, tol de rol.

Razman.

(*Hastily rising.*) Hark! a shot! (*A great noise is heard of firing and huzzaing.*)

Spiegelberg.

Another!

Razman.

And another! 'Tis the Captain. (*A noise of singing behind the scenes.*)

The wittols of Nuremberg, these are the men!

'They ne'er hang a thief tili they catch him! *Da capes*

Roller's voice is heard, and Switzer's. Hal-
loa! Halloa.

Razman.

Roller, by heavens! 'tis Roller!

Switzer and Roller.

(*Still behind the scene.*) Razman, Grimm,
Spiegelberg, Razman!

Razman.

Razman.

Roller! Thunder and lightning! Fire and fury!
(*They run to meet them.*)

Enter Moor, as dismounting from his horse, Roller, Switzer, Schusterle, and the whole band, all bespattered as from the road.

Moor.

Liberty! Liberty! my boys! Roller is free.—
Take my horse,—and dash a bottle of wine over
him!—(He sits down on the ground.) 'Twas
hot work!

Razman.

(*To Roller.*) By the forge of Pluto! you
have had a resurrection from the wheel!

Spiegelberg.

Are you his ghost? or are you flesh and blood?

Roller.

(*Quite breathless.*) Flesh and blood, my boy!
Where do you think I come from?

Grimm.

Who the devil knows?—Ask the witch on
whose broomstick you rode.—Had n't you received
sentence?

L.

Roller.

Roller.

Ay truly,—and something more.—I was at the foot of the gallows, man ! Stay till I get my breath.—Switzer will tell you —Give me a glass of brandy !—Are you there, Maurice ?—Come back too ? I thought to have met you somewhere else.—Give me a glass of brandy ! I have not one bone sticking to another,—that damn'd rack ! The Captain ! Where's my Captain ?

Razman.

Have patience, man, have patience.—Come, tell us,—tell us,—How did you escape ?—How came you off ? I am in a maze !—From the foot of the gallows, did you say ?

Roller.

(*Drinks off a bumper of brandy.*) Ha ! that smacks ;—'t has the right bite ;—strait from the gallows, boy.—You stare at me !—What, you don't believe it ?—I was but three steps off from Abraham's bosom—No more.—You would not have given a pinch of snuff for my life.—'Twas my Captain ; I thank my Captain for my breath, my liberty, my life !

Switzer.

Switzer.

Hah ! 'twas a trick worth the telling.—It was but yesterday we got notice by our spies, that Roller lay snug in pickle* ; and that unless the sky fell, or some such accident, before morning,—that's to day, he would be gone the way of all flesh.—Come, said the Captain ! Shall our friend go swing, and we do nothing for him—Save him or not, I promise you, I'll light him such a pile, as few have seen the like !—He gave his orders to the band.—We sent a trusty fellow, who contrived to give Roller notice, by slipping a scrap of paper into his soup.

Roller.

I had no hopes of the thing succeeding.

Switzer.

We watched for the moment when every thing was quiet,—the streets deserted,—every mortal gone to see the fight,—horse, foot, coaches, all pell-mell.—We heard even the noise at the gallows, and the psalm singing.—Now, said the Captain, now's the time ! Set fire !—Our fellows

* GERM. *Liege tuchtig im saltz.*

darted like a shot through the whole town,—set fire to it at once in three and thirty different places;—they threw burning matches on the powder magazine,—into the churches and the storehouses.—’Sdeath! It was scarcely a quarter of an hour,—when a brisk gale from the north-east, that certainly owed them a spite, like us, gave us all the help we wished, and in a moment the whole was in a whirlwind of fire.—We ran up and down the streets like furies, crying, Fire! Fire! in every quarter!—Then there was such a horrible noise and confusion.—The great bells were set a-ringing.—The powder magazine blew up.—’Twas as if heaven, earth, and hell had all gone together.

Roller.

Then my attendants began to look behind them.—’Twas like Sodom and Gomorrah;—the whole town in a blaze:—Sulphur, smoke, and fire:—All the range of hills re-echoed with the explosions:—The terror was universal:—Now was the time:—They had taken off my irons;—so very near was it;—touch and go;—off I went like an arrow;—out of sight in a moment while they stood petrified, like Lot’s wife.—Luckily I had but a few paces to run to the river—I tore off my clothes, jump’d in, and swam under water, till I thought

thought they had lost sight of me.—Our brave Captain was on t'other side, with horses ready, and clothes for me.—And here, my boys,—here I am! Moor, Moor, my brave fellow,—I wish only you were in the same scrape, that I might help you out of it.

Razman.

Spoke like a brute;—a beast that ought to be hang'd!—Egad it was a masterly stroke!

Roller.

Ay so it was.—Help at a pinch!—A friend in need is a friend indeed, say I;—but you can't judge of it.—No,—unless you had the rope about your neck, and were walking all alive to your grave.—Then those hellish preparations,—and every foot you went, a step nearer that curs'd machine, which met you so in full view,—clear,—damnably illuminated by the rising sun*;—then the executioner and his men sneaking behind you,—and that infernal psalm-singing.—Zounds, my ears are ringing with it yet;—and then the croaking of a whole legion of carrion-crows that had been feasting on the precious corruption of my predecessor, that hung there half-rotted away:—But above all, the hellish joy that those rascals expressed

* The executions in Germany are performed at day-break.

expressed when they saw me coming.—Oh, I shall never forget it.—No, for all the treasures of Cræsus, I would not undergo that again.—Dying! Zounds, 'tis no more than cutting a caper :—'Tis what goes before that's the devil.

Spiegelberg.

And the powder-magazine was blown in the air?—that accounts for the stink of brimstone we smelt far and near, as if the devil's wardrobe had been on fire.

Switzer.

Damnation! If they made a holiday for the hanging of our poor comrade, why should n't we make a holiday for the burning of their town,—when he was to escape by it.—Schufterle, can you tell how many were killed?

Schufterle.

Eighty-three, they say;—the steeple crush'd sixty of them to death.

Moor.

(*In a very serious tone.*) Roller, you were dearly bought.

Schufterle.

Schusterle.

Pah ! pah ! what signifies all that ?—Indeed, if they had been men—but they were babies in leading-strings, mere bantlings—or old Mother Shiptons, their nurfes—and perhaps a few poor atomies that had not strength to crawl to their doors.—All that had any soul or spirit in them were at the show.—’Twas the mere scum, the dregs, that staid at home.

Moor.

Poor wretches ! the old, the decrepid, and the infants !

Schusterle.

Ay, devil burn ’em ! a few sick wretches too—women in labour, perhaps, or just at the down-lying.—Ha ! ha ! in passing one of those little barracks, I heard some squalling—I peep’d in, and what do you think it was ? a child, a stout little rogue, that lay on the floor beneath a table, and the fire just catching it !—Poor little fellow, said I, you are starving for cold there—and so I chuck’d him into the fire !

Moor.

Did you so, Schusterle ? May that fire consume
you,

you, body and soul, to all eternity!—Out of my sight, you monster!— never be seen in my troop again! (*The band begin to murmur.*) What! you murmur, do ye?—Who dares to murmur, when I command?—Out of my sight, I say, Sir!—There are others among you who are ripe for my indignation.—Spiegelberg, I know you—It won't be long e'er I call over the roll, and I'll make such a muster as shall make you all tremble.

(They go out much agitated.)

Moor.

(Alone, walking backwards and forwards in great agitation) Hear it not, O God of vengeance! Am I to blame for this? Art thou to blame, O Father of Heaven! when the instruments of thy wrath, the pestilence, flood, and famine, overwhelm at once the righteous and the guilty? Who can command the flames to stay their course, to destroy only the noxious vermin, and spare the fertile field?—Poor fool! O shame! hast thou then presumptuously dared to wield Jove's thunder, and with thy aimless arm to let the Titan 'scape, while the poor pigmy suffers.—Go, slave! 'tis not for thee to wield the sword of the Most High! Behold thy first essay!—Here then I renounce the rash design—hence! let me seek some cavern

cavern of the earth to hide me—to hide my shame
from the eye of day ! (*Is going out.*)

Enter Roller.

Roller.

Take care of yourself, Captain—the spirits are walking—there are several troops of Bohemian horsemen patrolling all around us—that hellish Blueshanks must have betrayed us.

Enter Grimm.

Grimm.

Captain, Captain, we are discovered, track'd !
—there's a circle drawn in the forest, and some
thousands surrounding us !

Enter Spiegelberg.

Spiegelberg.

⊙ Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord ! we are all taken—
every man of us hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd !
—Ten thousand Huffars, Dragoons, and Jaghers,
have got to the heights above us, and block'd up
all the passes.

(Moor exit.)

M

Enter

Enter Switzer, Razman, Schusterle, and other robbers, from every side of the stage.

Switzer.

Ha! have we unkennel'd them at last? Give you joy, Roller!—It's long since I have wish'd to have a fair tilting-bout with the regulars.—Where is the Captain? Is all the band assembled? Have we ammunition enough?

Razman.

Plenty of that—but we're only eighty in all—not one to twenty!

Switzer.

So much the better—these poor dogs are shot at for sixpence—we fight for life and liberty—we'll pour down on them like the deluge—give them a volley like thunder!—Where the devil is our Captain?

Spiegelberg.

He deserts us at this extremity.—Is there no way left for an escape then?

Switzer.

Escape! coward, beast! may hell choke you
for

for that word ! You gape there with your lanthorn jaws, and when you hear a shot——Zounds, fir-rah ! show your face in the ranks, or you shall be sew'd alive in a sack, and thrown to the dogs !

Razman.

The Captain ! the Captain !

Enter Moor, with a slow pace.

Moor.

(*Apart.*) I have let them be completely surrounded—they must fight like desperadoes.—— Well, my boys, we're tied to the stake—one choice—fight or die !

Switzer.

Ha ! I'll rip them up alive ! Lead us on, Captain, we'll follow you to the gates of hell !

Moor.

Load all your muskets.—Have you powder enough ?

Switzer.

(*Starting up.*) Powder enough ! ay, to blow the earth up to the moon !

Razman.

Each of us has five pair of pistols loaded, and three carabines.

Moor.

Well done.—Some of you must get upon the trees, and others conceal themselves in the thickets, and fire upon them in ambush.

Switzer.

Spiegelberg, that will be your post.

Moor.

The rest of us will fall like furies on their flanks.

Switzer.

I'll be one, by heavens !

Moor.

And every man too must sound his whistle, and gallop through the wood, that our numbers may appear the more terrible. We must set loose all our dogs, and spirit them to fly at the ranks, and throw them into confusion, that they may run upon our fire.—We three, Roller, Switzer, and I, will fight wherever the main force is.

Enter

Enter a Commissary.

Grimm.

Ha ! here comes one of the blood-hounds of justice !

Switzer.

Kill him on the spot.—Don't let him open his mouth !

Moor.

Peace there ! I'll hear what he has to say.

Commissary.

With your leave, gentlemen.—I have in my person the full authority of justice ; and there are eight hundred soldiers here at hand, who watch over every hair of my head.

Switzer.

A very persuasive argument to stay our stomachs.

Moor.

Comrade, be quiet ! Speak, Sir, and be brief.—What are your commands for us ?

Commissary.

I come, Sir, by authority of that august magistrate

trate who decides upon life and death;—and I have one word for you,—and two for your band.

Moor.

Which is?—(*Resting upon his sword.*)

Commissary.

Abominable wretch!—Are not those cursed hands imbrued in the noble blood of a Count of the empire?—Hast thou not, with sacrilegious arm, broke open the sanctuary of the Lord, and impiously carried off the sacred vessels? Hast thou not set fire to our most upright and sanctified city, and blown up our holy powder-magazine over the heads of many pious Christians? (*Clasping his hands.*) Abomination of abominations! The horrible favour of thy sins has ascended to Heaven, and will bring on the day of judgement before its time, to punish such a wicked—damn'd—infernal monster! —

Moor.

A masterly oration, upon my word!—but now to the point in hand.—What did the most august magistrate please to inform me of by your mouth?

Commissary.

Commissary.

What you never will be worthy to receive.— Look around you, you horrible incendiary,—as far as your eye can reach, you are surrounded by our horsemen.—No escape for you—You may as soon expect these stunted oaks and pines to bear peaches and cherries.

Moor.

Hear you that, Switzer? Roller?—But go on, Sir.

Commissary.

Hear then how merciful, how long-suffering is Justice to the wicked.—If this very moment you lay down your arms, and humbly entreat for mercy and a mitigation of your punishment, then Justice will be like an indulgent mother—she will shut her eyes on one half of your horrible crimes—and only condemn you—think well of it—to be broken alive upon the wheel!

Switzer.

Captain, shall I cut his throat?

Roller.

Hell, fire, and fury! Captain!—How he bites
his

his lip! Shall I cut down this fellow like a cabbage?

Moor.

Don't touch him—let none of you dare to lay a finger on him.—Hearkee, Sir! (*To the Commissary, with a solemn tone.*) There are here seventy-nine of us, and I, their Captain.—Not a man of us has been taught to trot at a signal, or dance to the music of artillery; and on your side there are eight hundred disciplined troops, staunch and experienced veterans.—Now, hear me, Sir! hear what Moor says, the Captain of these incendiaries.—It is true I have assassinated a Count of the empire.—It is true I have burnt and plundered the church of the Dominicans.—It is true I have set fire to your bigotted town, and blown up your powder-magazine.—But I have done more than all that.—Look here, (*holding out his right hand*), look at these four rings of value.—This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister whom I cut down at the chace, at his prince's feet. He had built his fortune on the miseries of his fellow-creatures, and his elevation was mark'd by the tears of the fatherless and the widow.—This diamond I took from a treasurer-general, who made a traffic of offices of trust, and sold honours

mours, the rewards of merit, to the highest bidder.—This Cornelian I wear in honour of a priest whom I strangled with my own hand, for his most pious and passionate lamentation over the fall of the Inquisition.—I could expatiate at large, Sir, on the history of these rings, if I did not repent already that I have wasted words on a man unworthy to hear me.

Commissary.

Is there so much pride in a vile felon?

Moor.

Stop, Sir.—I shall now talk with some pride to you!—Go, tell your most august magistrate—he that throws the dice on life and death—tell him, I am none of those banditti who are in compact with sleep, and with the midnight hour—I scale no walls in the dark, and force no locks to plunder.—What I have done shall be engraven in that book where all the actions of mankind are recorded—in heaven's eternal register:—But with you poor ministers of earthly justice, I hold no further communing.—Tell your master, that my trade is the *lex talionis*; Like for like:—Vengeance is my trade! (*He turns his back upon him with contempt.*)

N

Commissary.

Commissary.

Do you refuse then to hearken to the voice of mercy?—If that is the case, I have done with you. (*Turns to the band.*) Hear, you fellows,—hear the mouth of justice!—If you immediately deliver up to me this condemned malefactor, you shall have a full pardon—even the remembrance of your crimes shall be blotted out—our holy mother Church will open her bosom to receive you, like the strayed sheep of the flock—you shall be purified in the waters of regeneration, the road of salvation shall be open to you, and every one of you shall get—posts and places!—Here—read with your own eyes—here is a general pardon—signed and sealed—(*He gives Switzer a paper with an air of triumph.*)—Well, how does your honour like that?—Come, courage! bind your leader, hand and foot—and be free men!

Moor.

Do you hear that, gentlemen?—hear you that? Why stand you thus in amaze?—What stops you? How can you hesitate?—You are already prisoners, and you have an offer of your liberty—You are already under sentence of death, and you have an offer of your lives—You are promised honours, places, and emoluments—and what can you gain,
even

even if you conquer, but execration, infamy, and persecution—You have the grace of heaven offer'd to you, and at present you are in a state of reprobation—Not a hair of your heads but must blaze in everlasting flames!—How now, still in doubt? Is it so difficult to make a choice between heaven and hell?—Help me to persuade them, Mr Commissary.

Commissary.

What can be that devil's name that speaks out of his mouth?—he makes me all quiver.

Moor.

What! have you no answer? Do you hope to gain your liberty by your swords? Look around you—look well, my friends—'tis impossible to think so—'twere to think like children, if you did.—Perhaps you flatter yourself with an honourable death, that you'll fight like men, and die like heroes—You think so, because you have seen *Moor* exult in a scene of carnage and of horror—O, never dream it—there's none of you a *Moor*—you are a set of miserable thieves—poor instruments of my great designs—despicable as the rope in the hands of the hangman!—No, no—a thief cannot die like a hero—a thief may be allowed to quake at the sight of death.—Hark, how those trumpets

echo through the forest! See there, how their
 sabres gleam! What! still irresolute? Are you
 mad?—Do you think I thank you for my life?
 Not at all—I disdain the sacrifice you are making!
 (*The sound of warlike instruments is heard.*)

Commissary.

(*In astonishment.*) This is beyond belief—never
 saw any thing like it—I must make off!—

Moor.

You are afraid, perhaps, that I put myself to
 death, and that, as the bargain is to deliver me
 alive, that may break it.—No, my friends, *that*
 you have no reason to fear.—See, there is my
 dagger, my pistols, and, what I have always car-
 ried with me,—my poison!—(*Throws them a-*
way.) What! not determin'd yet?—But per-
 haps you think I shall struggle when you seize
 me.—Look here—I tie my right hand to this
 branch of an oak!—Now I am quite defenceless
 —a child might take me.—Now come on! who
 will be the first to betray his Captain?

Roller.

(*With a frantic gesture.*) Ay, if all hell
 should

should open ! Who is the scoundrel that will betray his Captain * ?

Switzer.

(Tears the pardon in pieces, and throws it in the Commissary's face.) There ! Our pardon is at the mouth of our muskets.—Tell your magistrate, that you have not found one traitor in all our company.—Huzza ! Save the Captain ! Huzza ! Save the Captain !

All.

Save the Captain ! Save him ! Save our noble Captain !

Moor.

(Untwisting his hand from the tree, and in a transport of joy.) Now my brave lads—Now we are free indeed.—I have a whole host in this single arm.—Death, or liberty ! We shall not leave a man of them alive ! *(They sound the charge with great noise, and exeunt sword in hand.)*

* GERM. *Wer hund kein ist rette den Hauptman.* He who is not a dog, let him save his Captain.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT

A C T III.SCENE, *A Garden.*

Amelia, sitting in a pensive attitude. Enter Francis, both of them in deep mourning.

Francis.

What, still here, my little obstinate enthusiast? You stole away from our entertainment.—My guests were in charming spirits, but you disturb'd all our mirth.

Amelia.

Shame on such mirth! When your father's funeral dirge is yet founding in your ears.

Francis.

What, still forrowing? Will those pretty eyes never be dry?—Come, let the dead sleep in their graves,—and be the joy of the living.—I am just come ———

Amelia.

Amelia.

And when do you depart?

Francis.

Fy now! Why that haughty, that severe countenance? You distress me much, Amelia.—I come to inform you ——

Amelia.

What I know already,—that Francis de Moor is now the lord and master.—

Francis.

Precisely so.—It was upon that subject I wanted to talk with you.—Maximilian de Moor is gone to sleep with his fathers.—I am now the lord of these domains, and all that they contain.—Pardon me, Amelia: I wish to be the lord of *all*.—You know that you were properly a part of our family.—You know, my father regarded you as his own child:—You have not forgot him, Amelia:—You never will forget him.

Amelia.

Never, Sir!—Never!—No banquet, no mirth and revelry, shall banish his idea from my mind.

Francis.

Francis.

Pious affection ! But what you owed to the father, the sons sure now may claim ;—and Charles being dead.—Ha ! You are surpris'd ! overwhelm'd ! are you not ? Ay truly, so flattering a thought, a prospect so brilliant, and that so suddenly presented to your mind, was too much even for woman's pride—That Francis de Moor should spurn the proud ambition of the noblest families, and offer at the feet of a poor orphan, destitute and helpless, his heart, his hand, his wealth, these castles and domains !—He, whom all envy, all fear, declare himself Amelia's voluntary slave !——

Amelia.

Why does the thunder sleep ? nor cleave that impious tongue ?—Curs'd wretch ! my Charles's murderer ! and thou hopest to be the husband of Amelia ? Thou !

Francis.

Less heat, my Princess !—Not quite so high a tone !—Think not you have a lover who will bow at a distance, and sigh, and coo, and woo you like a Celadon.—No ; Francis de Moor has not learnt, like the Arcadian swains, to breathe his amorous plaints to the caves, and rocks, and
echoes.

echoes.—He speaks ;—and when he is not answered,—he commands.—

Amelia.

Worm! reptile! Thou command!—Command me? And if I laugh to scorn your commands, what then?

Francis.

A cloister, and imprisonment.—I know how to tame, to break that proud spirit.—

Amelia.

Ha! excellent!—Welcome the cloister and imprisonment, that hides me from the glances of that basilisk.—There I shall be free to think of Charles, to dwell on that dear image.—Away, away! haste to that blest abode!

Francis.

Is it so then?—Thanks for that instruction.—Now I have learnt the art to gall you.—This head, armed like another fury with her snakes, shall fright your Charles from your heart.—The horrible Francis shall lurk behind the picture of your lover, like the hound of hell.—I will drag you by those locks to the altar, and, with my

O

dagger,

dagger, force from your quivering heart the nuptial oath. —

Amelia.

(*Strikes him.*) Take this love-token first.

Francis.

Hah! tenfold, and twice tenfold, shall be my vengeance My wife! No :—that honour you never shall enjoy.—You shall be my wench, my paramour.—The honest peasant's wife shall point at you,—shall hoot you in the streets —Ay, grind your teeth!—and scatter fire and murder from those eyes.—A woman's fury is my joy, my pastime;—'tis my heart's delight to see her thus! —These struggles shall enhance my triumph.—How sweet is enjoyment when thus forced, thus ravished.—Come to the altar,—this instant come. (*Endeavours to force her.*)

Amelia.

(*Throwing herself about his neck.*) Pardon me, Francis. (*When going to take her in his arms, she draws out his sword, and steps back a few paces.*) See'st thou now, villain, what I can do?—I am a woman,—but a woman, when

in fury—Dare to come near me,—and this steel, my uncle's hand shall guide it to thy heart.—Fly me this instant! (*She pursues him out with the sword.*) Ah! Now I am at ease! I can breathe again.—I felt a tyger's rage,—the mettled courser's strength—To a cloister, did he say?—thanks for that blessed thought! Love, forlorn and hopeless love, finds there a kind retreat!—The grave of buried love! —

(*Exit.*)

SCENE, *The Banks of the Danube.*

The Robbers stationed on a height, while their horses are grazing on the declivity below.

Moor.

I must rest here. (*He throws himself on the ground.*) My joints are shook afunder;—my tongue cleaves to my mouth,—dry as a potsherd.—I would beg of some of you to fetch me a little water in the hollow of your hand from yonder brook, but you are all weary to death. (*While he is speaking, Switzer goes out unperceived, to fetch him some water.*)

Grimm.

Our wine-cantines are empty long ago.—How glorious, how majestic, yonder setting sun!

Moor.

(*Lost in contemplation.*) 'Tis thus the hero falls;—'tis thus he dies,—in godlike majesty!

Grimm.

The fight affects you, Sir!

Moor.

When I was yet a boy,—a mere child,—it was my favourite thought,—my wish to live like him! (*Pointing to the sun.*) Like him to die. (*Suppressing his anguish.*) 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit! —

Grimm.

It was so.

Moor.

(*Pulling his hat over his eyes.*) There was a time.—Leave me, my friends—alone——

Grimm.

Moor! Moor! 'Sdeath! How his countenance changes! ——

Razman.

Razman.

Zounds! what is the matter with him?—Is he ill?

Moor.

There was a time, when I could not go to sleep, if I had forgot my prayers!—

Grimm.

Have you lost your senses? What! yet a school-boy!—'Twere fit indeed such thoughts should vex you!

Moor.

(*Resting his head on Grimm's bosom.*) Brother! Brother!

Grimm.

Come, come—be not a child, I beg it of you—

Moor.

A child! Oh that I were a child once more!

Grimm.

Fy, fy! Clear up that cloudy brow! Look yonder, what a landskip! what a lovely evening!

Moor.

Ay, my friend! that scene so noble!—this world so beautiful!

Grimm.

Grimm.

Why, that's talking like a man.

Moor.

This earth so grand !

Grimm.

Well said !—That's what I like !

Moor.

And I so hideous in this world of beauty—and I a monster on this magnificent earth—the prodigal son !

Grimm.

(*Affectionately.*) Moor ! Moor !

Moor.

My innocence ! O my innocence !—See how all nature expands at the sweet breath of spring.—O God ! that this paradise—this heaven, should be a hell to me !—When all is happiness—all in the sweet spirit of peace—the world one family—and its Father there above !—who is not my Father !—I alone the outcast—the prodigal son !—Of all the children of his mercy, I alone rejected. (*Starting back with horror.*) The companion of murderers

derers—of viperous fiends—bound down, enchained to guilt and horror !

Razman.

'Tis inconceivable ! I never saw him thus mov'd before.

Moor.

(With great emotion.) Oh ! that I could return once more into the womb that bare me ! that I hung an infant on th' breast ! that I were born a beggar—the meanest hind—a peasant of the field ! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropt from my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep, the rapture of a single tear !

Grimm.

(To the rest.) Peace, O peace ! — the paroxysm will soon be over.

Moor.

There was a time when I could weep with ease.—O days of bliss !—Mansion of my fathers ! O vales so green, so beautiful ! scenes of my infant years, enjoy'd by fond enthusiasm ! will you no more return ? no more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom !—(Oh never, never shall they return

return—no more refresh this bosom with the breath of peace. They are gone! gone for ever!

Enter Switzer, with water in his hat.

Switzer.

Captain, here drink! water fresh and cool as ice.—

Grimm.

What is the matter, Switzer?—you are bleeding.

Switzer.

Matter? a mere joke—a trifling accident, that might have cost me only my neck and a couple of legs.—I was going trotting along a steep bank of the river on the brow of yonder declivity—'Tis all sand, you know—Plump, in a moment, down goes the bank under my feet, and I made a clever tumble of ten good Rhenish yards at the least—there I lay for a while like a log and when I came to my senses, I found myself safe on the gravel, and fine fresh water just at my hand.—Poh! not a bad caper, said I, since I've got my Captain a drink by it!

Moor.

(Gives back the hat to Switzer, and wipes his
his

his face.) Why, you're all so besmeared, one can't see the cuts you got from the Bohemian dragoons.—Your water was very good, Switzer.—These cuts become you, man!

Switzer.

Poh! There's room enough for twenty more of 'em.

Moor.

Ay, my boys—it was a hot day's work—and only one friend lost.—Poor Roller! he had a glorious death! If he had died in any cause but ours, he'd had a marble monument!—Let this suffice—this tear from a man's cheek! (*He wipes his eyes.*) Do you remember how many of our enemies were left dead on the field?

Switzer.

Sixty Hussars—ninety three dragoons, and about forty light horse—in all, two hundred!

Moor.

Two hundred for one man!—Every one of you has his claims upon this head. (*He takes off his hat.*) Here I lift this poniard—so may my soul find life or death eternal, as I keep faith with you!

P

Switzer.

Switzer.

Don't swear ! you don't know, if good fortune should once more smile upon you, but repentance——

Moor.

No ! by the ghost of Roller ! I never will forsake you !

Enter Kozinski.

Kozinski.

They told me I should find him somewhere hereabout.—Ha ! halloa !—What faces are these ? —Should they be—if these were the men—yes, they are—I'll speak to them.

Grimm.

Have a care ! Who goes there ?

Kozinski.

Gentlemen, excuse me—I don't know if I am right or not.

Moor.

Suppose right.—Whom do you take us for ?

Kozinski.

For men !

Switzer.

Switzer.

Have we shown ourselves to be so, Captain?

Kozinski.

I seek for men who can look death in the face—
—who can play with danger as with a tamed snake
—who prize liberty above life and fame—whose
names speak comfort to the oppress'd, who can
appal the bold, and make the tyrant shudder!

Switzer.

(*To the Captain.*) I like this fellow.—Hear
me, good friend! you have found the men you
want.

Kozinski.

I think so,—and hope I shall be anon their fel-
low.—You can point me out the man I look for,—
'tis your Captain, the great Count de Moor.

Switzer.

(*Gives him his hand cordially.*) We are bro-
thers, my boy!

Moor.

Would you know this Captain?

P 2

Kozinski.

Kozinski.

Thou art he!—in those features—that air,—
Who could look at you, and not discover it?—
(*Looking earnestly at him for a long time.*) It
has been long my wish to see that man, whose
countenance spoke terrors,—whose eye could not
be borne;—’twas he who sat on the ruins of Car-
thage.—Now my wish is satisfied!

Switzer.

A fine mettled fellow!

Moor.

And who sent you to me?

Kozinski.

O Captain!—Fate, the cruellest fate!—I have
been shipwreck’d on the stormy ocean of the
world.—I have seen my fondest hopes evaporate
in air,—and nought remain but the bitter recol-
lection of disappointment;—a recollection that
would drive me to madness, if I sought not to
drown it, in feeding this restless, this impetuous
spirit with new objects of pursuit.

Moor.

Here is another of heaven’s outcasts.—Go on.—

Kozinski.

Kozinski.

I have been a soldier, and in that station unfortunate:—I embark'd for the Indies;—my vessel went to pieces in a storm;—all my projects failed:—At last, I heard of the fame of your great exploits,—assassinations, as they term them;—and I have made a journey of forty miles in the firm resolution of offering you my services, if you deign to accept of them.—I intreat you, noble Captain, refuse not my request.

Switzer.

(*Leaping with joy.*) Huzza boys! Roller again, a thousand times over! A noble fellow for our troop!

Moor.

What is your name?

Kozinski.

Kozinski.

Moor.

What! Kozinski? Let me tell you, you are a light-headed young fellow, and that you are ready to take the most decisive step of life with no more consideration than a thoughtless girl. Here there's no game at bowls, no tennis-play, as you may perhaps imagine.

Kozinski.

Kozinski.

I understand you, Sir—But you mistake me. 'Tis true—I am but four-and-twenty—but I have seen the clashing of swords, and heard the balls whistle before now.

Moor.

Have you so, young master? And have you learn'd the use of arms for no other purpose than to kill a poor traveller for a few dollars, or knock down women behind their backs? Go, go, you have run away from your nurse, child, who has threaten'd to whip you.

Switzer.

What the devil, Captain! What do you mean? Would you dismiss this Hercules, this glorious fellow, whose very look would scare Julius Cæsar into a coal-hole?

Moor.

And so when your wrong-headed schemes misgave, you thought you would go seek for an assassin.—You would become an assassin yourself.—'Sdeath, young man. Do you know what that word means? You may perhaps sleep sound, after

ter

ter beheading a few *poppies*—but to carry a murder on your soul ——

Kozinski.

I'll answer for all the murders that you shall give me in charge.

Moor.

What! are you so clever, then—would you take one in by a cajoling speech?—How know you whether I may n't have my bad dreams—whether I sha'nt flinch when I come to my death-bed?—How many things have you done, for which you thought you had to answer on account?

Kozinski.

Why, truly not much, except this last journey to you, my Noble Count.

Moor.

Has your tutor been amusing you with the history of Robin Hood?—Such senseless scoundrels should be sent to the galleys.—And thus you have heated your childish imagination with the conceit of being a great man.—Do you thirst for fame? for honour? Would you buy immortality by murders?

murders? Mark me well, young man! no laurel springs for the assassin—no triumph waits the victories of the robber—but curses, dangers, death, disgrace!—Seest thou yon gibbet on the side of the hill?

Spiegelberg.

(*Walking about in a huff.*) What an ass! blockhead; abominable, stupid ass! Is that the way? I would have set about it in another manner.

Kozinski.

What shall he fear, who does not fear death?

Moor.

Bravo! well said! you have been a clever youth at school—you have got your Seneca by heart most perfectly.—But, my good friend, with those fine sentences you will not lull to sleep the sufferings of nature—they will avail you nought against the sharp tooth of anguish.—Think well, young man, (*he takes him by the hand,*) think on the step you are going to take—I advise you as a parent—sound first the depth of the precipice, before you dare to leap it.—If in this world you can yet catch at a single glimpse of joy—there may

be

be moments when you would awake—and then—it might be too late.—Here thou withdraw'st thyself at once from the circle of humanity.—*Man* thou must be, or *devil*.—Once more then, my son, let me intreat—if one spark of hope lurks in your bosom, fly this dreadful association.—You may deceive yourself, impose on your own mind—and take perhaps for fire, for spirit, what in the end is despair.—Take my counsel — retreat — fly, while it is yet time.

Kozinski.

No! never will I fly.—If you refuse my entreaty, hear at least the story of my misfortunes.—Yourself will then put a dagger into my hand—you will.—But sit down here a moment, and listen to me with attention.

Moor.

I'll hear you.

Kozinski.

Know, then, I am a gentleman of Bohemia.—By the sudden death of my father, I became master of a considerable estate.—In the neighbourhood—a paradise to me, there dwelt an angel—a young lady, beautiful beyond expression—and

Q

chaste

chaste as the light of heaven.—But why speak thus to you, who cannot comprehend me—You never loved ! you never were beloved !

Switzer.

Softly, softly !—How our Captain reddens !

Moor.

Have done !—I'll hear you another time—tomorrow—another time—when I have seen blood !—

Kozinski.

Blood, blood ?—Only hear me, Sir ! your soul shall be satiated with blood.—She was of plebeian birth, a German—but such her air and look as to dispel those mean prejudices.—With sweet reserve, and the most amiable modesty, she had accepted a ring from my hand, as a pledge of the sincerity of my vows, and the next day I was to have led my Amelia to the altar !—(*Moor rises up.*) While in this state of rapturous bliss, and in the midst of the preparations for our nuptials, I was called to court by an express order.—I went—They produced letters to me of the most treasonable nature, which it was alledged I had written.—I blushed at the baseness of the attempt.—My sword was instantly taken from me, and I

was

was hurried to a dungeon, where for some time my senses entirely forsook me.

Switzer.

And notwithstanding — Well, go on. — I see what must follow *.

Kozinski.

Here I remained a tedious month, and knew not the extent of my misfortune.—I suffered the most extreme anxiety for my Amelia, to whom I knew that my imprisonment would give the deepest affliction.—At length I had a visit from the first minister, who was pleased to congratulate me on the full proof of my innocence, and, with many flattering compliments, he read me the warrant for my release, and gave me back my sword. I flew in triumph to my country-seat, to clasp my lov'd Amelia in my arms—She was gone—she had been carried off in the middle of the night, and none could tell where—no creature had seen, or could give any account of her.—This was a thunderstroke—I flew to town—made enquiry at court.—Every body's eyes were fixed upon me—

* GERM. *Ich rieche den braten schon.* I smell the roast already.

but none could give me the least intelligence.—At last, through a grated window of the palace, I discovered my Amelia—she contrived to throw me a letter —

Switzer.

Did n't I say so ?

Kozinski.

Death and fire ! Thus stood the case — 'Twas given her in choice, either to see her lover die, or to become the Prince's mistress.—She decided the contest between love and honour, (*smiling*), — by saving me !

Switzer.

Well—what did you do then ?

Kozinski.

I remained fix'd to the spot, as if I had been struck with lightning.—Blood was my first thought ! blood my last !—I foam'd at the mouth, like a tyger—seizing a three-edged sword, I ran furiously to the palace of the minister—he had been the infamous pander.—They had perceived me while in the street ; for, when I got in, I found

all

all the apartments locked.—In answer to my eager enquiries, I was told he was gone to wait on the Prince.—Thither I flew directly—he was not to be found.—I return'd once more to his house, forc'd open the door of his apartment, and there found the base wretch—but at the very moment five or six of his domestics beset me at once, and took my sword from me.

Switzer.

(*Stamps with his feet.*) And was nothing done to the wretch?—no vengeance?—

Kozinski.

I was immediately thrown in irons—brought to trial—condemn'd—and mark me now—by a singular exertion of lenity—banish'd as a malefactor from the Prince's dominions for ever—my whole fortune confiscated to the minister.—Amelia, poor Amelia, remains as a lamb within the tyger's grasp,—and I must bend submissive to the yoke of despotism. —

Switzer.

(*Rises, and whets his sword.*) Captain! this
is

is something to work upon—this must set us a-going * ——

Moor.

(*Who had been walking about in great agitation, stops all at once.*) I must see her—come along—rise there.—Kozinski, thou remain'st with us.—Quick—prepare to set out this moment! ——

The Robbers.

Where?—What now? ——

Moor.

Where!—Who is it that asks where? (*To Switzer.*) Traitor, I know you want to keep me back.—But, by the hope of heaven! if ——

Switzer.

Traitor! I a traitor?—Lead on to hell, and I'll follow you! ——

Moor.

(*Falls on his neck.*) Yes, brother! I know you

* GERM. *Das ist wasser aus unsere muhle.* This is water to our mills.

will.—She suffers in anguish and despair—that is enough—Come, my brave boys!—Courage To Franconia we go!—there we must be within eight days. *(Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, *A Gallery in the Castle of Moer.*

Charles de Moor in disguise, under the name of Count de Braund, and Amelia looking at a picture in the apartment,—the habit of a nun lying on the table.

Moer.

(With emotion.) He was a most excellent man!

Amelia.

You appear, Sir, to take a great interest in that picture.

Moer.

(Still looking earnestly at the picture.) A most excellent—a most worthy man!—And is he now no more?

Amelia.

Amelia.

No more.—Thus every joy of life must vanish.
(*Takes his hand affectionately.*) Count! All
sublunary bliss is vain!

Moor.

'Tis even so! most true! Can you have proved that truth already?—you, who scarcely yet have seen your twentieth year?

Amelia.

Yes, I have proved it!—We are called into life, only to die in sorrow.—We gain a little, that we may lose it with tears;—we engage our hearts—only that those hearts may break! —

Moor.

What! have you already lost so much?

Amelia.

Nothing!—all!—nothing!

Moor.

And would you learn forgetfulness in that holy garb that lies there?

Amelia.

To-morrow I hope to do so.—Shall we continue our walk, Sir?

Moor.

So soon? Whose picture is that on the *right* hand? He has, methinks, a countenance that bespeaks misfortune.—

Amelia.

The picture on the *left* is the Count's son—he who is now master here.

Moor.

His only son?

Amelia.

Come, come away —

Moor.

But whose is that picture on the right hand?

Amelia.

Won't you walk into the garden? Come —

Moor.

But that picture on the right hand?—You are in tears, Amelia?

(Amelia goes out with precipitation.)

Moor

Moor *alone.*

She loves me! loves me still!—Her tears betray her! Yes, she loves me!—Oh heavens! Is that the couch on which we so oft have sat—where I have hung in rapture on her neck? Are these my father's halls?—O days of bliss for ever past!—for ever! Ah! How the dear remembrance of those days shoots through my soul, like the first burst of spring!—O wretch! here should have been thy happy residence—here shouldst thou have pass'd thy days—honoured, respected, loved—here shouldst thou have seen the years of thy blest infancy revive in the blooming offspring of thy Amelia—here received the willing homage of thy happy dependants.—No more!—I must return—return to misery!—Farewel, dear mansion! my father's house!—scenes that have seen me in my years of childhood, when my free bosom beat with rapture—that have seen me this day miserable—in despair! (*Walks towards the door, and then suddenly stops.*) Shall I never behold her more?—not for a last adieu!—no more kiss those dear lips!—Yes, I will see her once more—once more enfold her in my arms—were I to die for it.—I must have one greedy draught of the poison of
R 2
delight

delight—and then I go as far as ocean—and despair shall bear me ! (Exit.)

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Castle.*

Francis de Moor.

(*In a deep reverie.*) Begone, thou horrible image! begone!—What a coward I am!—What art thou afraid of?—Whom?—Does not this Count, this stranger, seem a spy of hell, to dog me at the heels?—Methinks I should know him.—There is something great—something, methinks, that I have seen before—in those wild and sunburnt features:—Something that makes me tremble! (*He walks about for some time, and then rings the bell.*) Who's there?—Francis, take care!—something lurks there for thy perdition!

Enter Daniel.

Daniel.

What are your commands, Sir?

Francis.

(*Looking stedfastly at him for a considerable time.*)

time.) Nothing.—Begone ! Fill me some wine there—but quick.

(*Exit Daniel.*

Francis.

No matter—the rascal will confess all, if I put him to the torture.—I'll penetrate him with a look so dreadful, that his conscience shall betray him. (*He stops before a portrait of Charles, and examines it.*) That long crane's neck !—those dark, lowering eye-brows !—that eye that shoots fire ! (*Shuddering.*) All-blasting hell ! is it thy presentiment ?—'Tis he ! it must be Charles himself !

Enter Daniel, with a cup of wine.

Put it down there.—Look at me—steadfastly !—What, your knees are shaking !—you tremble ! confess, Sir !—What have you done ?

Daniel.

Nothing—as I hope for mercy !—

Francis.

Drink that wine off.—What,—do you hesitate ? Speak !—quick !—What have you put in that wine ?—

Daniel.

Daniel.

So help me, God!—nothing!—

Francis.

You have put poison in the wine!—Are you not as pale as ashes?—Confess, wretch, confess!—Who gave it you?—Was it not the Count—the Count who gave it you?

Daniel.

The Count! Almighty God! the Count has given me nothing!

Francis.

(Taking hold of him.) I'll gripe you black in the face, liar! old hoary traitor! Nothing?—Why then were you so often together?—you and he—and Amelia?—What were you whispering of?—Have I not seen her bold, her shameless glances at him? she who affected such a modest air!—Did I not observe her, when by stealth she dropp'd a tear into his wine—and how he swallowed it with such avidity?—I perceived it—in the glass I saw it—with these eyes I saw it.

Daniel.

Daniel.

God knows ! I know not a single syllable of all that.

Francis.

Will you deny it ?—give me the lie to my face ? What plots, what machinations, have you devised to get rid of me ?—To smother me in my sleep ? to cut my throat ?—to poison me in my drink—drug my meals ? Confess it, wretch !—confess it this instant !—I know it all.—

Daniel.

As the living God shall save me—nothing have I said but the truth !

Francis.

Well ! This once I forgive you —But I know he has given you money.—Did not he squeeze your hand ?—Yes, harder than usual—like an old acquaintance ? ——

Daniel.

Never, indeed, Sir !

Francis.

For example—did n't he say that he knew you well—that perhaps you might know him—that
one

one day you might discover—How ? did n't he say something of that kind ?

Daniel.

Not a word of it, Sir.

Francis.

That he would be revenged?—horribly revenged?

Daniel.

Not a syllable !

Francis.

What ! Not a syllable ?—Recollect yourself.—Have you forgot that he said he knew your late master well—very particularly well—that he loved him much—loved him as a son loves a father ?—

Daniel.

I do remember — I think I heard him say something of that kind.

Francis.

(*Alarm'd.*) Did he say it?—say those words ?—did he say he was my brother ?—

Daniel.

Daniel.

No, he did not say that.—But when Miss Amelia was walking with him in the gallery—I was listening at the door—he stopp'd before my late master's picture, as if he had been thunderstruck—and Miss Amelia pointed to the picture, and said He was an excellent man.—Yes, said he, “ most excellent;” and he wiped his eyes when he said it.

Francis.

Go! quick! Call Herman hither!

(Exit Daniel.

'Tis clear as day!—'Tis Charles!—He will now come, and imperiously ask—Where is my inheritance?—And is it for this that I have lost my sleep—moved heaven and earth for this! stifled the cries of nature in my breast—and now when the reward should come—this vagabond, this beggar, steps between, and with his horrid hand tears all this fine spun web.—Softly—'Tis but a step—an easy one—a little murder!—None but a driveller would leave his work imperfect—or idly look on till time should finish it.—

Enter Herman.

S

Francis.

Francis.

Ha! Welcome, my Eurypylus—my prompt, my active instrument!

Herman.

(*Abruptly, and with rudeness.*) What did you want with me, Count?

Francis.

That you should give the finishing stroke to your work—put the seal to it ——

Herman.

Really?

Francis.

Give the picture the last touch.

Herman.

Poh!

Francis.

Shall I call the carriage! we'll talk over that at our airing?

Herman.

Less ceremony, Sir, if you please.—All the business that you and I have to settle to-day, may be

be done within the four walls of this apartment.—
 Mean time, a word or two with you by way of
 preface, which may perhaps save your breath
 in our after-communing.

Francis.

(Reservedly.) Him! And what may those
 words be?

Herman.

(With a malignant tone of irony.) “Thou
 “ shalt have Amelia, I say—and from my hand.”

Francis.

(With astonishment.) Herman!

Herman.

*(In the same tone of irony, and turning his
 back upon him.)* “Amelia has lost every sup-
 “ port, and is the play-thing of my will.—Then
 “ you may easily guess what follows—in short all
 “ goes to a wish.” *(With an indignant laugh,
 and then haughtily to Francis.)* Now Count
 de Moor, what have you to say to me?

Francis.

(Evasively.) To you? nothing—I had some-
 thing to say to Herman.

Herman.

A truce with shuffling—Why was I sent for hither?—Was it to be a second time your fool? To hold the ladder for a thief to mount—to sell my soul, to catch a hangman's fee? What else did you want with me?

Francis.

Ha! by the way, (*as if recollecting,*) we must not forget the main point—Did not my valet de chambre mention it to you—I wanted to talk with you about the dowry?—

Herman.

Sir, this is bantering—or worse.—Moor, take care of yourself—beware how you kindle my fury.—Moor, we are here alone—my name is at stake against yours.—Trust not the devil, though you have raised him yourself.

Francis.

(*Affecting a haughty air.*) Is it thus, Sir, you speak to your master?—Tremble, slave!

Herman.

(*Ironically.*) For fear of losing your favour? a mighty loss—to one who is at war with himself.

—Moor,

—Moor, I abhor you for a villain—don't make me laugh at you for a fool too—I can open tombs! and raise the dead to life!—Which of us two is *now* the slave?

Francis.

(*Smoothly.*) Come, good friend, be politic—show yourself a man of sense—don't be false to your word.—

Herman.

To detest a wretch like you is the best policy—to keep faith with you would be an utter want of sense.—Faith with whom? with the father of lies—the arch-impofitor!—Oh! such faith makes me shudder!—Treason is virtue here—and perfidy a faint-like quality.—But stay a little—patience!—vengeance is cunning.

Francis.

Oh! by the by—what a fool I was to forget! Did n't you lose a purse lately in this room? a hundred louis was n't it? Hah! I had almost forgot that.—Here, my good friend, take what's your own. (*Offers him a purse.*)

Herman.

(*Throws it from him with contempt.*) Curse on your Judas bribe—the earnest of damnation!
—You

—You thought to make my poverty a pander to my conscience!—But there you are foil'd, Sir, thrown out entirely.—Another purse of gold you know of may help to maintain *certain* folks—to furnish sustenance for——

Francis.

(*With a countenance expressive of fear.*)
Herman, Herman! don't make me think you a traitor.—Were you to make any other use of that money than you *ought* to do—you were the vilest of traitors.

Herman.

(*Triumphantly.*) Ay truly! say you so? then know, Count Moor—I will enhance your shame—double your mefs of infamy—I will prepare a banquet for you, where the whole world shall be the guests!—You understand me now, Sir—my most revered, most gracious master!

Francis.

(*Quite disconcerted.*) Ha! devil! Curst impostor! (*Striking his forehead.*) Beast that I was, to stake my fortune on a fool's caprice! 'Twas brutish!——

Herman.

Herman.

Whew!—O 'twas shrewd—'twas cunning!

Francis.

(*Biting his lip.*) Most true—and ever will be true—there is no thread so feebly spun, as that which weaves the bands of guilt!

Herman.

Ha! what now? are angels now degraded, and the devils turn'd moralists?

Francis.

(*Starts off abruptly, and with a malignant smile.*) And certain folks will have much honour to be sure in their conduct.——

Herman.

(*Clapping his hands.*) Bravo! inimitable!—You play your part to admiration—You draw the poor fool into the snare—then wo be on his head, if he attempts to escape—O cunning fiend!—And yet, (*Clapping him on the shoulder.*) Sir Count! You have not got your lesson yet quite perfect.—By heavens, you must first know how far the losing gamester will venture.—Set fire to the powder—
der-

der-room, says the pirate, and blow all to hell—both friend and foe!

Francis.

(Goes to take down a pistol from the wall.)
Here's treason—deliberate—

Herman.

(Draws out a large pistol from his pocket, and takes an aim.) Don't give yourself so much trouble—One's prepar'd for all events with you.

Francis.

(Lets fall his pistol, and throws himself back in a chair in great confusion.) Keep my secret—at least till—I—collect my thoughts.

Herman.

Yes—till you have hired a dozen assassins to seal my mouth for ever.—But heark'ee, *(in his ear,)* the secret is contained in a certain paper—which my heirs will open.

(Exit.

Francis.

(Alone.) What was that, Francis? Where was your courage? Your presence of mind, that
us'd

us'd to be so prompt?—Betray'd by my own instruments!—The props of my good luck begin to totter—the mound is broken—and all will speedily give way to the enemy.—Now for a quick resolve—But how? but what?—If I durst but do it—to come behind and stab him!—Durst! a wounded man's a child—I'll do it. (*Stalks backwards and forwards, and then stops as if hesitating from fear.*) Who's that behind me? (*Rolling his eyes.*) What figures are these—what sounds—yet I think I have courage—courage! yes—But if my shadow should discover me while I struck him—or a glass—or the whizzing of my arm. Ugh!—How my hair bristles!—(*He lets fall a poniard from under his clothes.*)—No, I am no coward—tender-hearted only—yes, that is it.—These are virtue's struggles—I honour this feeling—To kill my brother with my own hand! No, that were monstrous! No, no, no:—Let me cherish this vestige of humanity—I will not murder—Nature, thou hast conquer'd—There's something here that feels like—tenderness—Yes, he shall live.

(*Exit.*)

T

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Amelia alone, sitting in an arbour, where several cover'd walks are seen to centre.

Amelia.

“ You are in tears, Amelia!”—These were his words—and spoken with that expression.—Oh it summoned up a thousand dear remembrances—scenes of past delight—as in my days of happiness—my golden spring of love—Hark!—’tis the nightingale! O such was thy song, sweet bird, in those blest days—so bloom’d the flowers—and then I lay enraptured on his neck.—Sure, if the spirits of the dead hover around the living, this stranger is the angel of my Charles.—O false and faithless heart! and dost thou seek thus artfully to veil thy perfidy?—No, no—begone for ever from this breast, the weak, the impious wish.—Here, in this heart, where Charles lies buried, shall never human being fill his place.—And yet this stranger, this unknown—’tis wonderful my thoughts should dwell thus strong, thus constantly upon him—as ’twere my Charles’s picture—his features seem to melt into the very image—of my only love!

“ You

“ You are in tears, Amelia !” Ha ! let me fly !
 —To-morrow I am a faint—(*Rises up.*) A faint !
 Poor heart ! O what a word was that ?—how
 sweet to this ear was once that word—but now—
 now—O heart, thou hast betrayed me. I believed
 thee vanquish’d, and thought it fortitude—alas !
 ’twas but despair ! (*She sits down in the ar-
 bour, and covers her face with her hands.*)

Enter Herman from one of the covered walks.

Herman.

(*To himself.*) Now let the tempest rage, tho’
 it should sink me to the bottom * ! (*Sees Ame-
 lia.*) Miss Amelia, Miss Amelia !

Amelia.

Ha ! a spy ! What seek you here ?

Herman.

I bring you news—sweet, pleasant—horrible
 news.—If you are disposed to forgive, you shall
 hear wonders.

* GERM. *Und sollt er mir auch bis an die gurgel schwell-
 len.* Though it should swell up to my throat.

Amelia.

I have nothing to forgive.—Let me be spared your news.

Herman.

Do you not mourn a lover ?

Amelia.

(*Measuring him with a long look.*) Child of ill-luck, what right have you to ask that question?

Herman.

The right of hate—of love——

Amelia.

Can there be love beneath a garb like that?

Herman.

Ay, even to make a man—a villain !—Had you not an uncle who died lately ?

Amelia.

(*With tenderness.*) A father !

Herman.

They are alive ! (*Exit with precipitation.*)

Amelia.

Amelia.

My Charles alive! (*Running out, half frantic, after Herman, she meets Charles de Moor, who is entering by one of the walks.*)

Moor.

Whither do you run, my child—thus wild, thus frantic?

Amelia.

Earth, swallow me up! That man!

Moor.

I came to bid you adieu.—But, oh heavens! —to meet you thus!

Amelia.

Go, Count! Farewel!—Yet stay—how happy had I been had you not come at this moment! O had you never come!

Moor.

You had been happy then? Farewel for ever!
(*Is going out.*)

Amelia.

Stay—for heaven's sake, stay!—I meant not so —O God, why did I not mean so?—Tell me,
Count

Count—what have I done that makes me seem thus guilty to myself?

Moor.

Those words are death to me!

Amelia.

My heart was so pure before my eyes beheld you.—But now—oh were they shut for ever—they have corrupted, poisoned all my heart!

Moor.

On me, me only be the curse:—thy eyes, thy heart, are guiltless, pure as angels—

Amelia.

There was his look! quite him!—O Count, I entreat—turn not on me those looks.—O spare me! spare me those looks, that stir rebellion in my breast.—O traitor Fancy, that paint'ft him to my mind in every glance.—Begone, Sir—or take a crocodile's fowl form, and you will please me more.

Moor.

(*With a look expressive of the most passionate affection.*) Young woman, that is false!

Amelia.

Amelia.

(*Tenderly.*) And if you should be faithless; if you should seek to ruin, to betray this weak, this woman's heart.—But how can falsehood dwell in eyes that look like *his*—that seem his own reflected?—And yet, O better it were so—and thou wert false, that I might hate thee! And yet more wretched still, should I not love thee! (*Moor presses her hand to his lips with ardour.*) Thy kisses burn like fire.

Moor.

'Tis my soul that burns in them!

Amelia.

Go! leave me—while it is not too late.—There is fortitude in a man's bosom.—Show that thou hast that strength of mind, and share it with me!

Moor.

Can he show fortitude who sees thee tremble?—No, here I fix me fast. (*Embraces her, and lays his head on her bosom.*) Here I will die!

Amelia.

(*In great confusion.*) Away! leave me! What have you done? Away with those lips. (*She struggles*

struggles with a faint endeavour.) An impious fire burns in my veins. (*Tenderly, and drown'd in tears.*) And didst thou come from the uttermost verge of earth to extinguish in this heart its holy flame—that love which had defied even death? (*She presses him closer to her bosom.*) God forgive you, young man!

Moor.

(*In Amelia's arms.*) Oh, if to die—to part the soul and body, be thus sweet—'tis heaven to die! *

Amelia.

(*With rapturous tenderness.*) There where thou art, has he been a thousand times—and I, when thus I held him, forgot there was a heaven or earth.—Here his delighted eye rang'd over Nature's beauties, and felt her power with rapture. Here with enthusiasm he saw, he owned the all-pervading energy of the universal Parent; and his noble countenance, illuminated with the great idea, acquired, methought, new beauty.—Here heard the nightingale his voice—more heavenly than her own.—Here from this rose-tree he pull'd fresh ro-

* GERM. *So ist sterben das meisterstück des lebens.* To die is the masterpiece of existence.

ses—for me.—'Twas here, oh here, he held me to his heart—and press'd his burning lips to mine. (*They give way to their emotions without controul, and mingle their kisses.*) O Charles! now strike me dead! My vows are broken!

Moor.

(*Tearing himself from her, as if in frenzy.*) Can this be hell that snares me? (*Gazing on her.*)—I am happy!

Amelia.

(*Perceiving the ring upon her finger.*) Art thou there,—on that guilty hand?—Witness of my perjury—Away with you! (*She pulls the ring from her finger, and gives it to Moor.*) Take it, too dear seducer! and with it what I hold most sacred—Oh, take my all—my Charles! (*She falls back upon the seat.*)

Moor.

(*Turns pale.*) O thou Most High! Was this thy almighty will? It is the ring I gave her—pledge of our mutual faith.—Hell, be the grave of love! She gave me back my ring!

U

Amelia.

Amelia.

(*Terrified.*) Heavens! What is the matter—
—Your eyes roll wildly—and your lips are deadly
pale! — O wretch! and is the pleasure of thy
crime so short?

Moor.

(*Commanding himself.*) Nothing—tis nothing.
(*Throwing up his eyes to heaven.*) I am still a
man. (*He takes off his own ring, and puts it
on Amelia's finger.*) Take this! delightful
fiend! And with it what I hold most sacred, take
my all, my Emily!

Amelia.

(*Starting up.*) Your Emily!

Moor.

O she was so dear to my heart! so true, so faith-
ful—even as angels true —When we parted, we
exchanged our rings, and vowed eternal constan-
cy.—She heard that I was dead—believed it—and
was constant to the dead.—She heard I was alive—
and was faithless to the living.—I flew into her
arms—was happy as the blest in paradise.—Think
what a thunderstroke, *Amelia!*—She gave me
back my ring—she took her own.—

Amelia.

Amelia.

(*Looking on the ground with astonishment.*)

'Tis strange, most strange! most horrible!

Moor.

Ay, strange and horrible!—Ay, my good girl. Oh, much there is to know, much, much to learn, e'er this poor intellect can scan His nature, who smiles at human oaths, and weeps at man's fond projects.—O but my Emily is a luckless maid, unfortunate!

Amelia.

Unfortunate! Yes, since she rejected you.

Moor.

Unfortunate.—She kiss'd the man she had betray'd.

Amelia.

(*With melancholy tenderness.*) O then she is indeed unfortunate! From my soul I pity her—O I could love her with a sister's love.—But there is a better world than this.

Moor.

Yes, where all eyes are opened! and where

love looks back with horror.—That world is called ETERNITY.—Yes, yes, my Emily was a luckless maid! O most unfortunate —

Amelia.

Are all unfortunate and luckless whose name is Emily?

Moor.

Yes, all—Yes, when they think they press an angel to their heart, and grasp—a murderer!—Unfortunate indeed, my Emily!

Amelia.

(With an expression of deep affliction.) O I must weep for her!

Moor.

(Taking her hand, and shewing her the ring.) Weep for thyself.

Amelia.

(Knowing the ring.) Charles! Charles! O heaven and earth!

(She faints.—The scene closes.)

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Forest seen by Moonlight.*— *In one part of the Scene a Ruined Tower.*

The band of Robbers sleeping on the ground, Spiegelberg and Razman come forward in discourse.

Razman.

The night is far advanced—and the Captain not come yet.

Spiegelberg.

Harkee, Razman, I have a word for you in confidence.—Captain, did you say? Who made him our Captain? or rather has he not usurped that title, which by right was mine? What! Is it for this we have set our lives on the cast of a die?—Is it for this we have exposed ourselves to Fortune's spleen, —have scorned disgrace and infamy?—What! to be the dastard bondsmen of a slave?—We slaves, who should be princes!—By heavens, Razman, I ne'er could brook it.

Razman.

Razman.

Nor I, by Jupiter! But where's the remedy?

Spiegelberg.

The remedy? Are you one of those slaves, and ask that question?—Razman!—If you are the man I always took you for—Look'ee, they have observed his absence—nay, they almost give him up for lost.—Razman, methinks I hear his knell—What! does not your heart bound at the thought? the thought of liberty, my boy! Do you want courage for the business?

Razman.

Ha, Satan! how thou temptest me!

Spiegelberg.

What! Do you take me, boy? Come then—follow me quick—I know the road he took—A brace of pistols seldom fail.—Come along!

Switzer.

(*Gets up secretly.*) Ha! villain—I have not forgot the Bohemian forest—when you scream'd, like a pitiful scoundrel, that the enemy was upon us.—'Twas then I swore it by my soul—Have

at

at your heart, you murderer! (*Draws his sword—They fight.*)

The Robbers.

(*All starting up.*) Murder! murder! Switzer—Spiegelberg.—Separate them——

Switzer.

(*Stabs Spiegelberg.*) There, villain! die! —Be quiet, my lads—Don't let this craven's fate alarm you*.—This envious rascal has always had a spite at our Captain—and the coward has not a flea-bite on his dainty skin—The rascal would stab a man behind the back—would skulk and murder.—What boots it that we waste ourselves in toil, have drench'd ourselves in sweat, have fed on fire and sulphur, if at the last we meet a coward's fate, and die like rats by poison?

Crimm.

Zounds, our Captain will be horribly enraged.

Switzer.

That's my concern alone—Shufferle play'd the

* GERM. *Lass't euch die hasenjagd nicht aufwecken.*
Don't be roused at the hunting of this hare.

same game, and he's hang'd, as our chief had prophesied for him.

(A shot is heard.)

Grimm.

(Starting.) Hark! a pistol-shot!—Another!
—Halloa, the Captain!

Kozinski.

Patience, we must hear a third shot.

(A third shot is heard.)

Grimm.

'Tis he, 'tis he!—Switzer, conceal yourself for a moment—let me speak to him.

(They sound their horns.)

Enter Moor.

Switzer.

(Running to meet him.) Welcome, Captain! I have been a little choleric in your absence.

(Shews him the dead body.) Be you judge between me and this man—he wanted to murder you—to stab you in the back.

Moor.

Avenging Power! thy hand is here! Was it
not

not he whose fyren song seduced us?—Here consecrate this sword to the avenging God, whose ways are incomprehensible.—Switzer, 'twas not *thy* hand that did this deed.

Switzer.

Zounds ! but it was *my* hand.—And may I be curs'd, if I think it the worst action of my life. (*Throws down his sword upon the body, and goes out in a passion.*)

Moor.

(*Very thoughtfully.*) I see it plain ! Father of Heaven ! I know it. The dry leaves fall around—the autumn of my days is come !——Take him out of my fight. (*The body of Spiegelberg is carried out.*)

Grimm.

Give us our orders, Captain ! What's to be done now ?

Moor.

Soon—very soon will all be accomplished.—Of late I've lost myself.—Bid your trumpets speak.—I want that music. I must be suckled like a child, and rear'd again to deeds of horror.—Blow your trumpets !

Kozinski.

Captain, this is the hour of midnight—sleep hangs heavy on our eye-lids—we have not shut an eye these three nights.

Moor.

And can soft Sleep rest on the murderer's lids? Why flies he then from me?—But I have been of late a dastard—a mere changeling. Blow your trumpets, I command you—I must have music to rouse my spirit from its lethargy. (*They play a warlike piece of music—Moor walks about very thoughtful, and then gives a signal for them to stop.*) Begone! Good night!—I'll talk to you to-morrow.

The Robbers lay themselves down on the ground, and one by one salute him. Good night, Captain. (They fall asleep.)

Moor.

(*Alone awake, while there is a profound silence.*) A long, long night!—on which no morrow e'er shall dawn.—Think you that I will tremble?—Shadows of the dead, the murder'd,—rise! no joint of me shall quake.—Your dying agonies,
your

your black and strangled visages, your gaping wounds—these are but links of that eternal chain of destiny which bound me from my birth, unconscious bound me—which hung perhaps upon the humours of my nurse—my father's temperament, or my mother's blood.—Why did the great Artificer form, like Perillus, this monster, whose burning entrails yearn for human flesh. (*Holding a pistol to his forehead.*) This little tube unites Eternity to Time! This awful key will shut the prison-door of life, and open up the regions of futurity. Tell me! oh tell! to what unknown, what stranger coasts thou shalt conduct me! The soul recoils within herself, and shrinks with terror from that dreadful thought; while fancy, cunning in her malice, fills the scene with horrid phantoms.—No, no! Whoe'er is man, must on—Be what thou wilt, thou dread *unknown*, so but this *self* remains;—this *self* within.—For all that is external, what has it of reality beyond that form and colour which the mind itself bestows?—I am myself my heaven or my hell. (*Casting a look as to a distance.*) If thou should'st give me a new earth, where I alone inhabited, companion of eternal night and silence, this mind, this active all-creative brain, would people the hideous void with its own images—would fill the vast of space

with such chimera-forms, that all eternity were scarce enough to unravel them.—But perhaps it is by ever-varying scenes of misery in this ill world, that, step by step, thou leadst me to annihilation.—Oh that it were possible to stop the current of that after-life, as easy as 'tis to break the thread of this!—Thou may'st reduce me into nothing—but this liberty thou can'st not take from me. (*He cocks the pistol, and then suddenly stops.*) And shall I then rush to death, through slavish dread of living here in torment? Bend this *man's* soul beneath the scourge of misery?—No—I will bear it all. (*He throws away the pistol.*) My pride shall conquer sufferance.—Let my destiny be accomplished! (*The night becomes more dark, and a bell at a distance strikes twelve.*)

Enter Herman, who speaks, and is answered by a voice from the tower.

Herman.

Hush! Hush! How the howlet cries! The village clock strikes twelve;—all fast asleep—except remorse—and vengeance. (*He goes to the tower, and knocks.*) Come up, thou man of sorrow! Tenant of the tower! Thy meal is ready.

Moor.

Moor.

(*Draws back, shuddering.*) What can that mean?

Voice from the tower.

Who knocks there?—Is it thou, Herman, my raven?

Herman.

Yes, 'tis thy raven Herman—Come to the grate, and eat.—Thy comrades of the night make fearful music.—Old man, dost thou relish thy meal?

Voice.

Yes—hunger is keen.—O thou who sendst the ravens! accept my thanks—for this thy bread in the wilderness!—How fares it with my good friend Herman?

Herman.

Hush! hark.—What noise is that?—Do you hear nothing?

Voice.

No.—Do you hear any thing?

Herman.

The wind whistles through the rents of the tower—a music of the night that makes the teeth
chatter,

chatter, and the nails turn blue.—Hark, 'tis there again.—I hear a murmuring noise, like those who groan in sleep.—You have company, old man—hu ! hu ! hu !

Voice.

Do you see any thing ?

Herman.

Farewel, farewel ! Your deliverer is at hand—your avenger ! (*He is going hastily out.*)

Moor.

(*Approaches, shuddering.*) Stop !

Herman.

Who is that ?

Moor.

Stop ! speak ! Who art thou ? What hast thou to do here ? Speak !

Herman.

(*Coming forwards.*) 'Tis one of his spies—that's certain.—I have lost all fear. (*Draws his sword.*) Defend yourself, coward ! you have a man before you.

Moor.

Moor.

I'll have an answer. (*Strikes the sword out of his hand.*) What boots this childish sword-play? Didst thou not speak of vengeance?—Vengeance belongs exclusively to me—of all the men of earth.—Who dares infringe my rights?

Herman.

By heaven! 'tis none of woman born—for that arm withers like the stroke of death.

Voice.

Alas, Herman! is it you who are speaking?—Whom do you speak to?

Moor.

What! still those sounds?—What is a-doing here? (*Runs towards the tower.*) Some horrible mystery, for certain, is conceal'd in that tower. This sword shall bring it to light.

Herman.

(*Comes forward trembling.*) Terrible stranger! art thou the wandering spirit of this desert—or perhaps one of the ministers of that unfathomable retribution, who make their circuit in this
lower

lower world, and take account of all the deeds of darknes?—Oh! if thou art, be welcome to this tower of horrors!

Moor.

Traveller of the night! you have divined my function—the Exterminating Angel is my name—but I am flesh and blood, as thou art.—Is this some miserable wretch, cast out of men, and buried in this dungeon? I will loose his chains.—Once more speak! thou Voice of terror! Where is the door?

Herman.

As soon could Satan force the gates of heaven, as thou that door.—Retire, thou man of strength! the genius of the wicked foils the common intellect of man. (*Strikes the door with his sword.*)

Moor.

But not the craft of robbers. (*He takes some pass-keys from his pocket.*) For once, I thank my God I've learnt that craft! These keys would mock hell's foresight. (*He takes a key, and opens the gate of the tower.—An old man comes from below, emaciated like a skeleton. Moor springs back with affright.*) Horrible spectre! my father!

Enter

Enter, from the dungeon, the Old Count de Moor.

O. Moor.

I thank thee, O my God! the hour of my deliverance is come!

Moor.

Shade of the aged Moor! who has disturbed thy ashes in the grave? Hast thou brought with thee into the world of spirits some foul crime, that bars the gates of paradise on thy soul?—I will say prayers and masses of the dead, to gain thy spirit peace.—Hast thou hid in the earth the widow or the orphan's gold; and now, in expiation of that guilt, pour'st at the midnight hour the shriek of misery?—I'll dig that treasure up, though guarded by hell's dragons.—Or comest thou now, at my request, to expound to me the dread enigmas of eternity? Speak, speak! I will not blanch, nor stop the affrighted ear!

O. Moor.

I am no spirit—but alive, as thou art! O life indeed of misery!

Moor.

What! wast thou not in thy grave?

.Y

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

I was indeed interr'd *.— Three complete moons have I languished in this dark dungeon, where not a ray of light can penetrate—where no sweet air or healthful breath can enter—where the hoarse ravens croak, and the owls shriek.

Moor.

Heaven and earth ! Who has done that ?

Herman.

(*With savage joy.*) A son !

O. Moor.

Do not curse him.

Moor.

(*Darting furiously on Herman.*) Serpent-tongued liar ! a son ! Speak that again—repeat it was a son, and I plunge my dagger in thy impious throat. A son !

* GERM. *Das heißt, ein todter hund liegt in meiner vatergruft.* That is, A dead dog lies in my father's tomb.—An expression of which the Translator does not see the force, and therefore he has omitted it.

Herman.

Herman.

And were all hell let loose, I still must say, his son!

Moor.

(Petrieved with horror.) O everlasting Chaos!

O. Moor.

If thou art a man, and hast a human heart! O my unknown deliverer—hear the miseries of a father, punished in his own sons. For three long moons have I poured my complaints to these walls of rock, which echoed to my groans.— Oh! if thou art a man, and hast a human heart—

Moor.

A prayer that would move even wolves to pity.

O. Moor.

I lay upon a sickbed. Scarce had I begun to gain a little strength, when they brought me a man who gave me the dreadful intelligence that my eldest son had fallen in battle, and with his latest breath had told, that my inhuman malediction had driven him to despair and death.

Y 2

Herman.

Herman.

A false, most horrible imposture—That villain was myself—seduced by *him*—that son—with bribes and promises to disappoint all your inquiries and researches after his elder brother—corrupted by that unnatural son to blast the miserable remnant of your days.

O. Moor.

And was it thou? O heavens! Was it a concerted plan? Was I then deceived?

Moor.

(Removing to a little distance.) Dost thou hear that, Moor? The light begins to dawn.—A day of horrors!

Herman.

Here, crush the viper!—I was his vile accomplice—I suppressed your Charles's letters, changed those from you, and substituted others in their place, conceived in terms of barbarous resentment. Thus have you been deceived—thus cruelly was he cut off from your inheritance—banished from your heart.

Moor.

Moor.

(*With an expression of unutterable anguish.*)
And hence become a robber and a murderer!
(*Strikes his breast and his forehead.*) O fool,
fool, fool!—the victim of infernal treachery!—
and now a murderer and affassin! (*Walks about
in great agitation.*)

O. Moor.

Francis! May all——(*suppressing rage*) But
I will curse no more—and I saw nothing—nothing
suspected.—O fond indulgent dotard!

Moor.

(*Stops suddenly.*) And that poor father in a
dungeon! (*Suppressing his anguish.*) What cause
have I for rage or for complaint? (*With affect-
ed composure.*) Go on, Sir.

O. Moor.

I fainted at the news.—They must have thought
me dead—for when I came to myself, I was on a
bier, and shrouded as a corpse.—I beat upon the
lid of the coffin—it was opened—’twas in the dead
of night—my son Francis stood before me.—
“What,” said he, with a voice of horror, “Must
“ you

“ you then live for ever ?” And with these words, he shut the coffin. The thunder of that voice bereaved me of my senses.—When I again recovered them, I found the bier in motion.—After some time it stopped.—The coffin was again opened, and at the entry of this dungeon I found my son Francis, with that man who had brought me the bloody sword of my son Charles.—I fell at Francis’ feet, embraced his knees—and wept, conjured him, supplicated.—The fears, the supplications of his father, never reach’d his iron heart.—“ Throw down that carcase,” said he, with a voice of thunder, “ he has lived too long.”—They threw me down into that dungeon, and my son Francis locked the iron door upon me.

Moor.

Impossible ! impossible ! — Your memory or your senses play you false !

O. Moor.

It may be so.—Hearken, but restrain yourself.—Thus I lay for twenty hours—and none knew of my sufferings. No foot of man e’er treads this solitary waste—for ’tis the common report that the ghosts of my forefathers haunt this dreadful tower, drag their chains among the ruins, and chant at
the

the hour of midnight the song of death. At last I heard the creaking of the iron door.—It was opened, and this man brought me some bread and water.—He told me that I was condemned to be starved to death in that dungeon, and that he forfeited his own life, if it were known that he brought me the smallest particle of food.—It was by his means I have preserved a miserable being so long—but the chilling cold, the foul air, and the anguish of my own mind my strength was quite exhausted, my body was emaciated to a skeleton.—A thousand times have I prayed to God to put an end to my sufferings ;—but the measure of my punishment must not have been complete—or perhaps there is yet in store for me some happiness—some bliss the Almighty has decreed to come, for which he has deigned thus miraculously to preserve me.—But come what will, my sufferings are just—most merited.—Oh my Charles, my Charles !—Before thy hairs were gray !

Moor.

It is enough. (*To the band asleep.*) Rise there, you senseless logs—you hearts of stone !—What ! will none of you awake ? (*He fires a pistol over them. They start to their feet immediately.*)

Robbers.

Robbers.

Halloa ! halloa ! What is the matter ?

Moor.

Could you sleep out that tale ? A tale that might have roused even sleep eternal.—Mark here, mark here ! What are this world's laws ? mere knavery—a game with loaded dice.—Discord is set at large, and ranges wild as hell.—The bands of nature are dissolved—a son has slain his father !

Robbers.

What does the Captain say ?

Moor.

Slain ! did I say—that word is tame—'tis palliative—A son has racked his father—killed him in torment—broken him on the wheel—even that is varnish of his horrible crime.—The cannibal himself would shudder at it.—Oh God ! he has devoured him.—See, see there ! he faints ! A son confined his father in that tower—cold, naked, hungry, and athirst.—Look there, look there ! This is my father !

Robbers.

(*Coming round the old man.*) Your father ?

Switzer.

Switzer.

(*Approaches with respect, and throws himself at the old man's feet.*) Father of my Captain! I kiss your feet.—I draw this dagger, and I here devote it to thy service!

Moor.

Revenge! revenge! revenge — this violated, profaned, this hoary head!—Here I tear for ever the fraternal bond. (*He rends his coat from top to bottom.*) Here, in the face of heaven, I curse him! curse every drop of blood within him!—Hear me, O moon and stars! and thou black canopy of night, that witnessest this horror! hear my cries! Hear me, O God! thrice-terrible avenger—thou who reign'st above yon pallid orb—and judgement doom'st, and dart'st thy fiery bolts through darkness, to the head of guilt;—behold me on my knees—behold me raise this hand aloft! and hear my oath! May nature curse me! expel me, like some horrible abortion, from out the circle of her works—if here, upon this stone, I do not shed that parricide's blood—till the foul vapour from the fountain of his heart rise into air, and dim the blessed sun! (*Rises from his knees.*)

Z

Robbers.

Robbers.

This is a stroke of hell!—Let them now call us villains.—Now, by all the dragons of darkness, we never did any thing half so horrible!

Moor.

Yes, and by all the groans of those poor wretches whom your daggers have dispatched—by those who perished on that dreadful day when fire and ruin raged at our command—no murderous plan shall be devised, no scheme of rapine be resolved or meditated, till every man among us glut his steel, and dye his garments purple in that monster's blood.—Who could e'er have thought that we were destined to serve as instruments in the Almighty's hand, and minister to his justice? Our fate's mysterious clue is now unravelling. This day the invisible arm of a superior Power gives dignity to our vocation.—Adore his Majesty, who honours you this day as agents in his hands to execute his wondrous purposes!—employs you as his angels to execute his stern decrees, and pour the vials of his wrath.—Be all uncovered! fall on your knees, and humbly kiss the dust—then rise all hallowed men! (*They fall on their knees, and make a solemn prostration to the earth.*)

Switzer.

Now give your orders, Captain! Say what we shall do.

Moor.

Rise, Switzer, and touch these sacred locks. (*He brings him to his father, and makes him take hold of a lock of his hair.*) You remember, when you cleft the head of that Bohemian trooper who had raised his sabre to kill me, when I was fainting with fatigue, and my knees were sinking under me—'twas then I promised you a high reward, a kingly recompence—But to this hour I never have been able to discharge that debt.

Switzer.

And may you never be! It is my pride, to call you still my debtor.

Moor.

No.—This day I will discharge it.—Switzer, thou art honoured this day above all mortals.—Be thou the avenger of my father. (*Switzer rises.*)

Switzer.

Most honoured Captain! this day thou hast

made me for the first time truly proud.—Give orders how, and when, and where, thy friend shall strike.

Moor.

The precious minutes are already number'd.—Thou must be speedy. Choose out the worthiest of the band, and lead them straight to yonder castle.—Seize him, were he asleep.—Drag him from out his bed, though he lie couch'd in pleasure's lap.—Lay hold of him at table, while, like the swine, he gorges.—Tear him from the altar, though on his knees before the crucifix.—But hear what I most solemnly command: Bring him to me alive! This hand shall hew that man in pieces, and feed the famish'd vultures with his limbs, who dares to wound his skin, or rob him of a single hair.—I must have him all entire.—Bring him to me alive, bring him entire, and millions shall be your reward.—I'll plunder kings, I'll set my life at nought, to earn for thee a glorious recompence. Thou hast my purpose—haste thee to accomplish it!

Switzer.

It is enough! here take my hand upon it! Captain, you shall see two of us — or none.

Come,

Come, Switzer's ministers of vengeance. (*Exit, followed by a part of the band, and Herman.*)

Moor.

Let the rest disperse themselves in the forest—
I remain here.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Moor's Castle.*

Francis de Moor *in a night-gown, rushes in, followed by Daniel.*

Francis.

Betray'd! betray'd! The spirits of the dead rise from their graves—a countless host raised from eternal sleep to haunt the murderer.—Who's that? ———

Daniel.

(*Anxiously.*) Heaven pity me! What! my dear Lord, is it possible it could be you who shriek'd so horribly as to waken us all out of our sleep?

Francis.

Francis.

Your sleep? Who gave you leave to sleep? What! Sleep at this hour, when all should be awake?—Awake! Ay, armed and caparisoned.—Quick, quick, to arms, to arms.—Load every musket.—See'st thou not how they force their way through every door, and dart along yon vaulted passages?

Daniel.

Who, my Lord?

Francis.

Who? beast! Dost thou not see them? hear them? Are your senses gone? Demons and ghosts!—How goes the night?

Daniel.

The watch has just cried Two.

Francis.

No more? Will this eternal night last to the day of judgement? Heard you no noise without? No shouting? Cries of victory? Hark! horses at the gallop! Where is Char The Count, I mean?

Daniel.

Daniel.

I cannot tell, Sir.

Francis.

You cannot tell? You are of the plot!—
I'll tread your villain's heart out.—You cannot
tell?—The very beggars have conspired against me.
—Heaven, earth, and hell, combined against me!

Daniel.

My Lord!

Francis.

Who said I trembled? No—'twas but a dream.
The dead are in their graves—Tremble?—No—
I am quite at ease.

Daniel.

You are not well, my Lord.—You are quite
pale—Your voice is changed,—it falters.—

Francis.

I am feverish.—I shall let blood to-morrow.

Daniel.

Indeed, Sir, you are ill—very ill.

Francis.

Francis.

Yes, that is all.—It is so,—and illness affects the brain, and gives wild dreams.—What matter what one dreams!—'Tis indigestion makes us dream.—I had a pleasant dream just now. (*He sinks down in a faint.*)

Daniel.

Good God! What's here! George! Conrad! Bastian! Martin! Where are you all? Give but a sign of life. (*He shakes him.*) O Lord! they'll say I murdered him.

Francis.

(*Disturbed.*) Begone! Who shakes me there? Horrible spectre! Are the dead alive?

Daniel.

Merciful God! He has lost his reason!

Francis.

(*Recovering himself gradually.*) Where am I? Is it you, Daniel? What did I say?—What signifies it?—Don't mind it:—'Twas all a lie, whatever it was.—Come, help me—It was, I think, a fit of giddiness—from want of sleep.

A a

Daniel.

Daniel.

I'll call assistance, Sir :—send for physicians.—

Francis.

Stop.—Sit down here :—You are a man of sense, Daniel—I'll tell you how I

Daniel.

No, no, Sir, — Another time.—I'll see you put to bed—you have great need of rest.

Francis.

Nay, Daniel—I must tell you—'tis so odd.—You'll laugh, I promise you :—You must know I thought I had been feasting like a Prince, and I laid me down quite happy on one of the grassy banks of the garden—there I fell asleep, and all of a sudden—but you'll laugh when I tell you. ———

Daniel.

All of a sudden——What ?

Francis.

All of a sudden, I was waked by a clap of thunder.—I got upon my feet, and staggering, looked
around

around me—when lo! the whole horizon seemed to be one great sheet of fire—the mountains, towns, and forests seemed to melt like wax in a furnace; and then a dreadful tempest arose, which drove before it the heavens, the earth, and the ocean.

Daniel.

Good God! It is the description of the day of judgement.

Francis.

Did you ever hear such ridiculous stuff? Then I saw a person come forward, who held in his right hand a brazen balance, which stretched from east to west.—He cried with a loud voice, “Approach, ye children of the dust: I weigh the thoughts of the heart!”

Daniel.

God have mercy upon me!

Francis.

All seemed to be struck with terror; and every countenance was pale as ashes.—’Twas then I thought I heard my name in a dreadful voice that issued in thunder from a mountain,—a voice

that froze the marrow in my bones, and made my teeth chatter as if they had been of iron.

Daniel.

O, may God forgive you!

Francis.

He did not forgive me.—Behold, an old man appeared, bent to the ground with sorrow,—a horrible sight; for he had gnawed away one half of his arm from hunger.—None could bear to look upon him.—I knew him:—He cut off one of his grey locks, and threw it from him.—Then I heard a voice issue from the smoke of the mountain: “Mercy and forgiveness to all the sinners of the earth! Thou only art rejected.” (*After a long pause.*) Why don’t you laugh

Daniel.

Laugh? at what makes my flesh creep?—Dreams come from God!

Francis.

Fy, fy! you must not say so.—Call me a fool, a child, an idiot, — any thing. But prithee laugh at me.

Daniel.

Daniel.

Dreams come from God.—I will go pray for you.

(Exit.

Francis.

No—'Tis popular superstition! All chimeras! If the past is past, who has decided that an eye above shall e'er look back upon it?—Does vengeance dwell above the stars? No, no:—Yet there is something here that tells in dreadful whispers to my soul, there is—a Judge above the stars!—Should I this night appear before him—No, 'tis all a jest—a miserable subterfuge for coward fear to grasp at.—But if it should be so—if that were true—and all were registered above—and this the night of reckoning.—Why this quaking of the joints? this fearful shuddering? To die!—that word congeals my blood—To give account! Ay, and when that reckoning comes, to face the Judge—should he do justice!

Enter a Servant hastily.

Servant.

Amelia has escaped.—The Count has suddenly gone off.

Enter

Enter Daniel, with a countenance of terror.

Daniel.

My Lord, there is a troop of horsemen riding up to the Castle at the full gallop, and crying, Murder, murder! The village is all in alarm.

Francis.

Go ring the bells, and summon all to church—to prayers I say.—I will have prayers said for me:—I'll set the prisoners free—make restitution to the poor five and six fold.—Go call my confessor, to give me absolution of my sins.—What! not yet gone? (*The tumult increases.*)

Daniel.

God forgive me all my sins! Are you serious, Sir? And do you really wish I should obey these orders?—You, who have always made a jest of prayers, and who so oft —

Francis.

No more! To die, — to die is dreadful. — It will be too late. (*Switzer's cry is heard.*) To prayers, to prayers!

Daniel.

Daniel.

'Tis what I always told you—but you mock'd at prayer.—And now, behold, Sir, when you are in trouble — when the flood overwhelms your soul——

Switzer's voice is heard in the court of the castle. Storm—break down the gates.—Yonder is a light!—they must be there!——

Francis.

(On his knees.) Hear my prayer, O God of heaven! It is the first.—Hear me, O God of heaven!

Switzer.

(Still in the court.) Strike them down, my lads.—It is the devil comè from hell to seize him.—Where's Blackman with his troop? Surround the castle, Grimm!—Run! storm the ramparts.

Grimm.

Here! bring the firebrands!—Watch where he comes down:—We'll smoke him out!

Francis.

Francis.

My God! I have been no common murderer—
no miserable petty crimes committed!—

Daniel.

God have compassion on us! Even his prayers
are fins!

(They fling stones and firebrands—the windows are broken in—the castle is set on fire.)

Francis.

I cannot pray.—Here, here, *(beating on his breast,)* all is choked up!—No, I will pray no more. —————

Daniel.

Christ and his mother save us!—The whole
castle is on fire!

Francis.

Here! take this sword! stab me behind!—
thrust it into my bowels—that these villains may
not come to make their sport of me. *(The fire increases.)*

Daniel.

Daniel.

God forbid!—I will send none to heaven before his time, far less to (*He runs off.*)

Francis.

(*Looking after him.—A pause.*) To hell, he would have said.—Yes, I feel he's right.—Are these their shouts of triumph?—that hissing there, is it hell's serpents? Hark, they are coming up!—they are at the door!—Why should I shudder at this sword's point?—Ha! the gate is down!—Now 'tis impossible to escape.—(*He attempts to throw himself into the flames, and is pursued by the Robbers, who rush in, across the stage.*)

SCENE, *A Forest.—A ruined Tower, as in the end of the Fourth Act.*

The Old Count de Moor seated upon a stone.—Charles de Moor in conversation with him.—Some of the band scattered through the forest.

Moor.

And was he dear to you, that other son?

B b

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

Heaven knows how dear he was to me ! O why did my weak heart ever listen to those artful tales of basest calumny ? I was so happy ! above all fathers blest in the fair promise of my childrens youth.—But, Oh accursed hour ! the spirit of a fiend possessed the youngest of my sons—I trusted to the serpent's wiles, and lost—both my children ! (*Hides his face with his hands. Moor goes to a little distance.*) How deeply now I feel the truth of those sad words Amelia uttered, “ In vain, “ when on your death-bed, you shall stretch your “ feeble hands to grasp your Charles—he never “ will approach your bed—never more comfort “ you.” (*Moor, turning away his head, gives him his hand.*) Oh were this my Charles's hand ! But he is gone !—He's in the narrow house ! he sleeps the sleep of death !—He cannot hear the voice of my complaint—I must die amidst the strangers—No son have I to close my eyes !

Moor.

(*In great agitation.*) It must be so—it must this moment. (*To the Robbers.*) Leave us alone !—And yet—can I bring back his son ?—I never can bring back *that* son !—No, no, it must not be.—No, never, never !——

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

What dost thou say? — What dost thou mutter to thyself?

Moor.

Thy son!—Yes, old man, (*hesitating*), thy son is lost for ever!

O. Moor.

For ever?

Moor.

Ask me no more!—For ever!

O. Moor.

Why did you take me from yon hideous dungeon?

Moor.

But stay—If I could now but get his blessing—steal it from him like a thief, and so escape with that celestial treasure! (*He throws himself at his feet.*) I broke the iron bolts of the dungeon.—blest old man! I ask thy kifs for that.

O. Moor.

(*Pressing him to his bosom.*) Take this, and think it is a father's kifs—and I will dream I hold my Charles to my breast.—What? can you weep?

Moor.

(*With great emotion.*) I thought it was a father's kiss. (*Throws himself on his neck.—A confused noise is heard, and a light is seen of torches approaching. Moor rises hastily.*) Hark! 'tis vengeance comes! — Yonder they come! (*Looks earnestly at the old man, and then raises his eyes to heaven, with an expression of deliberate fury.*) Thou suffering Lamb! enflame me with the tyger's fury! The sacrifice must now be offered up! and such a victim, that the stars shall hide their heads in darkness, and universal nature be appalled! (*The torches are seen, the noise encreases, and several pistol-shots are heard.*)

O. Moor.

Alas! alas! what is that horrid noise? Who is a-coming?—Are these my son's confederates come to drag me from the dungeon to the scaffold?

Moor.

(*Raising his hands to heaven.*) O Judge of heaven and earth! hear a murderer's prayer! Give him ten thousand lives! may life return anew, and every dagger's stroke refresh him for eternal agonies!

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

What is't you mutter there?—'tis horrible!—

Moor.

I say my prayers! (*The wild music of the Robbers is heard.*)

O. Moor.

O think of Francis in your prayers!

Moor.

(*In a voice choked with rage.*) He is not forgotten! —————

O. Moor.

That's not the voice of one who prays!—O cease!—Such prayers make me all shudder!—

Enter Switzer with a party of Robbers:—Francis de Moor, handcuffed, in the middle of them.)

Switzer.

Triumph! Captain.—Here he is!—I have fulfilled my word.

Grimm.

We tore him out of the flames of his castle:—
His vassals all took to flight.

Kozinski.

The castle is in ashes—and even the memory
of his name annihilated. (*A dreadful pause.—*
Moor comes slowly forward.)

Moor.

(*With a stern voice to Francis.*) Dost
thou know me?

Francis.

(*Without answering, fixes his eyes immove-
ably on the ground, while Charles leads him to-
wards the old man.*) Dost thou know that man?

Francis.

(*Starting back with horror.*) Thunder of
heaven! It is my father!

O. Moor.

(*Turns away shuddering.*) Go! May God
forgive you.—I have forgotten —

Moor.

Moor.

(*With stern severity.*) And may my curse accompany that prayer, and clog it with a millstone's weight, that it may never reach the mercy-seat of God!—Do you know that dungeon?

Francis.

(*To Herman.*) Monster! Has your inveterate enmity to our blood, pursued my poor father even to this dungeon?

Herman.

Bravo! Bravo! Where a lie is wanted, the devil will never desert his own.

Moor.

Enough.—Lead this old man a little on into the forest.—I need no father's tears to prompt to what remains. (*They lead off the old Count, who is in a state of insensibility.*) Approach ye felons! (*They form a semicircle round the two brothers, and look sternly on, resting upon their muskets.*) Now; not a breath be heard! As sure as I now hope for heaven's mercy—the first who moves his lips to utter a sound, I blow his brains out.—Hush!

Francis.

Francis.

(*To Herman, in a transport of rage.*) Wretch ! that I could spit my poisonous foam in torrents on that face !—This is gall ! (*Gnawing his chains, and weeping from rage.*)

Moor.

(*With great dignity.*) I stand commissioned here as minister of heaven's Almighty King, the Judge of right and wrong ;—and from your mouths I shall announce a doom, which the most pure and upright court on earth would sanction and approve.—The guilty are assembled here as judges, and I of all most guilty am their chief.—He, who on scrutiny of his own conscience, and strict review of all his past offences, does not appear pure as the innocent child, and spotless when compared with this enormous and most horrible wretch, let him withdraw from this assembly, and break his poniard as a token ! (*All the Robbers throw away their poniards, without breaking them, and remain in the same posture.*) Now, Moor, be proud indeed ! for thou hast this day changed the scarlet finners to the spotless angels.—There's still a poniard wanting. (*He draws his poniard, and*

a pause ensues.) His mother was mine too! (*To Kozinski and Switzer.*) Be judges! (*In great emotion he breaks his poniard, and retires to a side.*)

Switzer.

(*After a pause.*) Stand I not here like some poor dunce at school, bewildered and amazed,—my faculties locked up.—What, not a new invention to be found of torment.—While life is lavish in variety of pleasures, is death so niggardly in choice of tortures? (*Striking the ground impatiently.*) Speak thou, for I have lost all faculty of invention.

Kozinski.

Think on his gray hairs:—Cast your eyes on that dungeon:—Let these suggest! Should I, a scholar, thus instruct his master?

Switzer.

Accustomed as I am to scenes of horror, I'm poor in such invention.—Was not this dungeon the chief scene of his atrocious crimes?—Sit we not now in judgement before this dungeon? Down with him into the vault! There let him rot alive!

The Robbers.

(*Applauding tumultuously.*) Down with him!
Down with him! (*They go to lay hold of him.*)

Francis.

(*Springing into the arms of his brother.*) Save me from the claws of these murderers! Save me, brother!

Moor.

Thou hast made me chief of these murderers. (*Francis starts back with terror.*) Wilt thou entreat me now?

The Robbers.

(*Still more tumultuous.*) Down with him!
Down with him!

Moor.

(*With a dignified expression of grief.*) Son of my father! Thou hast robbed me of Heaven's bliss—Be that sin blotted out! Perdition is thy lot!—I do forgive thee, brother! (*He embraces him, and goes out, while the Robbers put Francis down into the dungeon, laughing in a savage manner.*)

Moor.

Moor.

(*Returning, plunged in a deep reverie.*) It is accomplished! O God who rulest all! accept my thanks.—It is accomplished! (*In deep meditation.*) IF THIS DUNGEON SHOULD BE THE LIMIT OF MY COURSE, TO WHICH THOU HAST LED ME THROUGH PATHS OF BLOOD AND HORROR: IF FOR THAT END THOU HAST DECREED I SHOULD BECOME THE CHIEF OF THESE FOUL MURDERERS: Eternal Providence! I bend me to thy will with awe and reverence—I tremble and adore!—Thus let it be—and here I terminate the work.—His battle o'er, the soldier falls with dignity. Thus let me vanish with the night, and end my course as breaks yon purple dawn!—Bring in my father! (*Some of the Robbers go out, and return with the old man.*)

O. Moor.

O whither do you lead me? Where is my son?

Moor.

(*With dignified composure.*) The planet and the grain of sand hath each its place allotted in

this scene of things : Thy son hath likewise his.—
Be seated there !

O. Moor.

(Breaks out into tears.) Oh, I have no children ! None !

Moor.

Peace, peace ! Be seated there !

O. Moor.

O cruel in your kindness ! You have saved a dying wretch, and dragged him back to life, only to tell him that his children are no more ! Shew mercy yet, and bury me again in that dark tower !

Moor.

(Seizes his hand, and raises it with transport to heaven.) Do not blaspheme, old man ! Blaspheme not Him, before whose righteous throne I have this day prayed with confidence—To day, the wicked have approached the throne of mercy.

O. Moor.

And have they there been taught to murder ?

Moor.

Moor.

(*With a voice of indignation.*) Old man, no more! (*In a calmer tone.*) If his divinity thus stirs within the sinner's breast, is it for saints to quench that holy fire? Where could you now find words to express contrition or to sue forgiveness, if this day He should baptise for thee—A SON?

O. Moor.

Are sons baptised in blood?

Moor.

What dost thou say? Is truth revealed by the tongue of despair?—Yes, old man, it is possible for Providence to baptise even with blood.—This day He has baptised for thee with blood.—Fearful and wonderful are His ways.—But in the end are tears of joy.

O. Moor.

Where shall those tears be shed?

Moor.

Upon thy Charles's heart! (*Throws himself into his arms.*)

O. Moor.

O. Moor.

(In a transport of joy.) My Charles alive!

Moor.

Yes! he's alive! sent here to save—to avenge his father.—Thus by thy favourite son thy kindness recompensed. *(Pointing to the tower.)* Thus by the prodigal revenged! *(Presses him more warmly to his breast.)*

The Robbers.

Hark! there are voices in the forest!

Moor.

Call in the band! *(The Robbers go out.)*
'Tis time, O heart! time to remove the cup of pleasure from the lips, before it turn to poison.

O. Moor.

Are these men thy friends? I dread to look at them.

Moor.

Ask any thing but that!—That has no answer.

Enter

Enter Amelia, with her hair dishevelled. All the band follow, and range themselves in the back ground of the scene.

Amelia.

They say the dead have arisen at his voice—
that my uncle is alive—saved from that tower!—
My Charles, where are you? Where is my uncle?

Moor.

(Starting back.) Oh! what a picture for an
eye like mine!

O. Moor.

(Rises trembling.) Amelia! my dear niece!

Amelia.

(Throwing herself into the old man's arms.)
My father, O once more, my Charles!—my all!

O. Moor.

My Charles alive!—and I!—and all! My
Charles alive!—

Moor.

(With fury, to the band.) Let us be gone,
my friends! The arch-fiend has betrayed me!

Amelia.

Amelia.

(Disengaging herself from the embrace of the old man, flies into the arms of Charles, and embraces him with transport.) I have him here! O heavens, I have him here!

Moor.

'Tear her from my arms!—Kill her!—and him—and me too—and all!—Let nature go to wreck!

Amelia.

My husband! Oh my husband! Transported quite! he is in extasy.—Why am I thus poor in transport? cold, insensible, 'midst this tumultuous joy?

O. Moor.

Come, my children! — Here, Charles, thy hand—and thine, Amelia! A happiness like this I never looked for on this side the grave.—Here let me bless your union—and for ever——

Amelia.

For ever his! For ever! and he mine! O Powers of heaven! abate this torrent of delight! It kills with pleasure!

Moor.

Moor.

(*Tearing himself from the arms of Amelia.*)
 Away! away! dear wretch! most miserable of
 brides!—Look there!—ask of these men!—and
 hear them!—Hear them, O most unhappy of all
 fathers!—Let me be gone for ever!

Amelia.

What wouldst thou do?—where go?—Here's
 love and happiness eternal! What mean those
 dreadful words?

O. Moor.

Where would he go? My son! my only son!
 What does he mean?

Moor.

It is too late!—In vain!—Thy curse, my fa-
 ther!—Ask me no more.—I am—I have—thy
 curse—believed, at least, thy curse *!—(*With
 firmness.*) Die, wretched Emily!—Father, by
 me twice slain!—these thy deliverers—are robbers!
 —robbers and assassins!—Thy son—their Cap-
 tain!

* GERM. *Dein vermeinter fluch.* Thy supposed curse.

O. Moor.

O God!—My children!—Oh! (*He dies.*)

(*Amelia remains motionless as a statue.—The band preserve a dreadful silence.*)

Moor.

(*Running to dash his head against an oak, stops suddenly.*) The spirits of those I murdered in their sleep—or in the bed of love!—Hark! yon dreadful explosion, which crush'd to death the mother and her infant!—The flames, which lick'd the cradles of the babes!—Ay, that's the nuptial torch—and these the wedding songs!—Oh! HE has not forgotten.—He knows to crave his debt.—Then, Love, be gone for ever.—Here is my doom—and this my just award!—'Tis retribution.

Amelia.

(*Who recovers, as if from a thunder-stroke.*) Father of heaven! 'tis true!—He has said it!—It is true.—But what have I done?—I, an innocent lamb!—I have loved THIS MAN!

Moor.

'Tis more than man can bear! I have heard the yell of death poured from a thousand mouths,
and

and never shrunk ! Shall I now quake before a woman?—be myself a woman ! No, no !—No woman e'er shall move to weakness this man's heart.—I must have blood !—This will wear off ! I'll drink of blood—and then I'll brave my fate !
(*Is going off.*)

Amelia

(*Rushes into his arms.*) Murderer ! fiend ! whate'er thou art—angel to me ! I will not let thee go !

Moor.

Is this a dream ? a frenzy of the brain ? or new device of hell, to make its game of me ? See how she clings—clings to the murderer's neck !

Amelia.

Ay—fast !—for ever !

Moor.

She loves me !—loves me still.—Then I am spotless as the light !—She loves me.—With all my crimes, she loves me ;—an angel weeps on a fiend's neck—a fiend restored to grace.—Here let the serpents of the Furies die—hell sink to nothing—I am happy ! (*Hiding his face on the bosom of Amelia.*)

Grimm.

(*Furiouſly.*) Stop, Traitor! leave her arms this inſtant!—or I will ſpeak a word that ſhall appal you to the ſoul!

Switzer.

(*Interpoſes his ſword between Moor and Grimm.*) Think on the foreſt of Bohemia! Mark'ſt thou that? Think on the foreſt of Bohemia! Traitor! Where are thy oaths?—Are all our wounds forgot? our fortune, honour, life, deſpised for thee? our ſufferings, more than mortal, ſet at nought! Didſt thou not then liſt up that hand to heaven, and ſwear—ſwear never to forſake us—never to deſert thoſe who have been true to thee?—Foul, faithleſs, baſeſt traitor!—To ſell us for a woman's tears!

The Robbers,

(*Murmuring confusedly, uncover their breafſts.*) Look here! look at theſe wounds!—We bought thee with our blood! Thou art our bondman—ours thou art!—If the Archangel Michael ſhould ſeek to wreſt thee from the Prince of hell—thou art ours.—Come! come along! a victim for a victim! a woman for the band!

Moor.

Moor.

(*Disengaging himself from Amelia's arms.*)
'Tis done!—I would have fain gone back.—But HE that is in heaven has said, No! Look not thus dark upon me, Emily! HE has no need of me.—Has he not millions of his creatures? He can spare one!—I am that one.—Come, friends, let us be gone! (*Turning to the band.*)

Amelia.

(*Holding him fast.*) Stop, stop! one single stroke!—a mortal stroke! Again abandoned!—O draw that sword in mercy!

Moor.

Mercy is in the tyger's heart.—I cannot kill.

Amelia.

(*Embracing his knees.*) O, for the love of God!—for mercy!—I ask thee not for love.—I know we are curst by Fate.—Death! death's my only prayer!—See, my hand shakes.—I cannot touch the sword—its gleaming terrifies me!—O, to thee it were so easy! inured to death.—Strike, strike, and I will bless thee!

Moor.

Moor.

(*With sternness.*) Wouldst thou alone be happy? Begone! I cannot kill a woman!

Amelia.

Murderer! thou kill'st the happy only—but the wretch who longs for death, thy barbarous pity spares. (*To the band.*) Have mercy on me! kindest ministers of death!—O pity me! Yes, those savage looks are comfort to the wretch!—They thirst for blood.—Dispatch me quick!—In mercy kill me! Your master is a coward—a mere braggart! (*Some of the Robbers present their pieces at her.*)

Moor.

(*In fury.*) Begone, you harpies! (*Places himself between them and Amelia.*) Dare but a foul of you to violate this sanctuary!—She is mine! (*Encircling her waste with his arm.*) Let heaven and hell combine their powers to force her from this hold!—Love is above all oaths! (*He lifts her from the ground, and shews her triumphantly to all the band.*) What Nature has united, who shall dare to part?

The Robbers.

(*Levelling their muskets, and taking aim at both.*) We shall dare !

Moor.

(*With a contemptuous smile.*) Poor, impotent, and weak ! (*He places Amelia, who is almost insensible, on a stone.*) Look up, my bride ! No priest shall bless our union—no hallowed prayer be said !—I know what's better. (*Takes the handkerchief from Amelia's neck, and discovers her bosom.*) Gaze on this beautiful sight ! if ye be men ! Felons ! have ye hearts of stone ?—Behold me here ! I'm young—I've felt the power of love ! I was beloved ! betroth'd !—I had reached the gate of paradise ! (*In a tone of tender supplication.*) and shall my brothers force me thence ? (*The Robbers smile.*)—It is enough ! (*With firmness.*) Thus far has Nature spoke !—Now the Man's part begins !—I am a murderer, like you !—a robber, and incendiary !—I am—(*advancing to the band with an air of inexpressible majesty*)—your Captain !—and will you thus, ye felons ! sword in hand, thus treat, thus parley with your Captain ? Down with your arms ! it is your master who commands !

commands ! (*They lay down their arms.*)
 There ! what are you now, but children, and I
 —am free !—Moor must be free, in order to be
 great ! Now, I would not exchange this triumph
 for an elysium of love ! (*He draws his sword.*)
 Poor wretches ! your mean souls reach not this
 height.—Whate'er is great seems frenzy in your
 eyes.—The spirit of despair outstrips your snail-
 paced wisdom. On deeds like these we pause
 not till they are done !—I'll think on this—
 hereafter ! (*He stabs Amelia.*)

The Robbers.

(*Clapping their hands.*) Bravo ! most wor-
 thy Captain ! Thy honour is discharg'd !—Thou
 Prince of Robbers !

Moor.

Now she is mine ! She's mine !—Or that here-
 after is but the dream of fools !—I have foil'd
 my destiny !—In spite of fate, I have brought
 home my bride :—And with this sword, have
 seal'd our wedding vows.—Thousands of years
 shall pass, and seasons roll, e'er the bright sun shall
 witness such a deed.—(*To Amelia with tender-
 ness.*) Was it not sweet, my Emily, to die thus
 by thy bridegroom's hand ?

Amelia.

Amelia.

(*Stretching out her hand to him.*) Oh most sweet!
(*She dies.*)

Moor.

(*To the band.*) And now, my friends! warm-hearted, pitying friends! Did your poor felon souls look for a deed like this? What was your sacrifice to me? a life stain'd deep with infamy, spotted with crimes—blasted with sin and shame.—I sacrificed to you a spotless angel! (*Throws his sword to them with contempt.*) Now, felons, we are even! This bleeding corpse cancels my bond for ever.—From yours, I set you free!

The Robbers.

(*Crowding to him.*) We are your slaves till death!

Moor.

No, no!—All is accomplished! My genius tells me, “Here must be thy bourn:—Thus far could nature go! No further!”—Here, take this bloody plume! (*Throws his plume at their feet.*) He that will be your Captain now, may take it up!

The Robbers.

Oh spiritless! Where are your mighty plans?
Air-bubbles all! burst with a woman's breath!

Moor.

(With dignity.) What Moor has done, who dares to question?—Hear my last command!—Come hither!—Stand around, and hearken to your dying Captain's words! *(Looking at them for a long time.)* You have been devoted to me—faithful beyond example.—Had virtue been the bond of your attachment, you had been heroes:—your memories had been revered, your names pronounced with rapture by mankind.—Go, and devote what yet remains of life to mankind's service, to your country's cause. Go, serve a gracious king, who wages war to vindicate the rights of man! This be my benediction! Hence!—Farewel.——Step, Switzer and Kozinski!

(The band goes out, leaving Switzer and Kozinski with Moor.)

Moor.

Give me thy hand, Kozinski! Thine too,
Switzer!

Switzer! (*Taking their hands, and placing himself between them.*) Young man! (*To Kozinski.*) Thou art yet unspotted—amongst the guilty, only guiltless! (*To Switzer.*) These hands I have deep-imbrued in blood! That be my offence, not thine! Here with this grasp I take what is mine own.—Now, Switzer, thou art pure! (*Raises their hands to heaven with fervour.*) Father of heaven! here I give them up! lost sheep restored! They will be now more fervently thine own than those who never fell! (*Switzer and Kozinski fall on each other's neck.*) Not now, my friends! O spare me—in this decisive hour! — An earldom is mine by heritage, a rich domain, on which no malediction rests.—Share it between you:—Become good men! good citizens! And it, for ten whom I have destroyed you make but one man blest, my soul may yet be saved!—Go! quick! while yet my fortitude remains! (*Switzer and Kozinski go out, hiding their faces.*)

Good citizen! And am not I, too worthy of that name? What law so terrible as that which I have obeyed? What vengeance or atonement of offence that's like to mine?—Be my fate fulfilled!—Hard by I have observed a wretch
 who

who labours by the day, an officer.—He has eleven children.—To him who shall deliver up the Robber Moor, a high reward is now proclaimed.—He and his babes shall have it!

THE END.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY PELHAM.

S I R,



T was a very fine Piece of Oratory of a young Lawyer at the Bar, who, as Council against a Highwayman, observed that the Prosecutor had been robbed of a certain Quantity of Ore, which being purified by Fire, cut into circular Pieces, and impressed with the Image of a King and the Arms of a State, brought with it the Necessaries, the Conveniences, and the Luxuries of Life. I'll be hang'd, says an honest Country Gentleman who was

iv *The Dedication.*

standing by, if this flourishing Fool does not mean Money. But if he had said it in one Word, would not all the rest have been implied?

JUST such a Censure as this should I deserve, if in an Address to Mr. *Pelham* I endeavoured to enumerate the Qualities he possesses. The Characters of great Men are generally connected with their Names; and it is impossible for any one to read the Name of Mr. *Pelham*, without connecting with it, in his own Mind, the Virtues of Humanity.

IT is therefore sufficient that I desire his Acceptance of this Play; that I acknowledge the Obligations I owe him, and that I subscribe myself

His most grateful,

and

most obedient Servant,

EDW. MOORE.

P R O L O G U E.

Written and Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

LIKE fam'd *La Mancha's* Knight, who Launce in Hand
Mounted his Steed to free th' enchanted Land,
Our Quixote Bard sets out a Monster taming,
Arm'd at all Points, to fight that Hydra—GAMING.
Aloft on Pegasus he waves his Pen,
And hurls Defiance at the Caitiff's Den :
The first on fancy'd Giants spent his Rage,
But This has more than Windmills to engage.
He combats Passion, rooted in the Soul,
Whose Powers at once delight ye and controul ;
Whose magic Bondage each lost Slave enjoys,
Nor wishes Freedom, tho' the Spell destroys.
To save our Land from this MAGICIAN's Charms,
And rescue Maids and Matrons from his Arms,
Our Knight Poetic comes—And Oh ! ye Fair !
This black ENCHANTER's wisked Arts beware !
His subtle Poison dims the brightest Eyes,
And at his Touch, each Grace and Beauty dies.
Love, Gentleness and Joy to rage give Way,
And the soft Dove becomes a Bird of Prey.
May this our bold Advent'rer break the Spell,
And drive the Dæmon to his native Hell.

Ye Slaves of Passion, and ye Dupes of Chance,
Wake all your Pow'rs from this destructive Trance !
Shake off the Shackles of this Tyrant Vice :
Hear other Calls than those of Cards and Dice :
Be learn'd in nobler Arts than Arts of Play,
And other Debts than those of Honour pay.
No longer live insensible to Shame,
Lost to your Country, Families and Fame.

Could our romantic Muse this Work atchieve,
Wou'd there one honest Heart in *Britain* grieve ?
Th' Attempt, tho' wild, would not in vain be made,
If ev'ry honest Hand wou'd lend its Aid.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND,

And Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

ON ev'ry Gamester in th' *Arabian* Nation,
'Tis said that *Mahomet* denounc'd Damnation :
But in Return for wicked Cards and Dice,
He gave them black ey'd Girls in Paradise.
Should he thus preach, good Countrymen, to You,
His Converts would, I fear, be mighty few.
So much your Hearts are set on fordid Gain,
The brightest Eyes around you shine in vain.
Shou'd the most heav'nly Beauty bid you take her;
You'd rather hold — *two Aces and a Maker*,
By your Example, our poor Sex drawn in,
Is guilty of the same unnat'ral Sin ;
The Study now of ev'ry Girl of Parts,
Is how to win your Money, not your Hearts.
O! in what sweet, what ravishing Delights,
Our Beaux and Belles together pass their Nights!
By ardent Perturbations kept awake,
Each views with longing Eyes the other's—Stake.
The Smiles and Graces are from *Britain* flown, }
Our Cupid is an errant Sharper grown, }
And Fortune sits on *Cytherea's* Throne. }
In all these Things, tho' Women may be blam'd,
Sure Men, the wiser Men, should be asham'd!
And 'tis a horrid Scandal, I declare,
That four strange Queens should rival all the Fair ;
Four jilts with neither Beauty, Wit, nor Parts,
O Shame! have got Possession of their Hearts ;
And those bold Sluts, for all their Queenly Pride,
Have play'd loose Tricks, or else they're much bely'd.
Cards were at first for Benefits design'd,
Sent to amuse, and not enslave the Mind.
From Good to Bad how easy the Transition!
For what was Pleasure once, is now Perdition.
Fair Ladies then these wicked Gamesters shun,
Whoever weds one, is, you see undone.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Beverley,	<i>Mr. Garrick.</i>
Lewson,	<i>Mr. Moflop.</i>
Stukely,	<i>Mr. Davies.</i>
Jarvis,	<i>Mr. Berry.</i>
Bates,	<i>Mr. Burton.</i>
Dawson,	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
Waiter,	<i>Mr. Ackman.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Beverley,</i>	<i>Mrs. Pritchard.</i>
Charlotte,	<i>Miss Haughton.</i>
Lucy,	<i>Mrs. Price.</i>



T H E
G A M E S T E R.
A
T R A G E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Mrs. Beverley. **B**E comforted, my Dear; all may be well yet. And now, methinks, the Lodgings begin to look with another Face. O Sister! Sister! if these were all my Hardships; if all I had to complain of were no more than quitting my House, Servants, Equipage and Shew, your Pity would be Weakness.

Char. Is Poverty nothing, then?

Mrs. Bev. Nothing in the World, if it affected only Me. While we had a Fortune, I was the happiest of the Rich: And now 'tis gone, give me but a bare Subsistence and my Husband's

B

Smiles,

Smiles, and I'll be the happiest of the Poor. To me now these Lodgings want nothing but their Master. Why do you look at me?

Char. That I may hate my Brother.

Mrs. Bev. Don't talk so, *Charlotte*.

Char. Has he not undone you? — Oh! this pernicious Vice of Gaming! But methinks his usual Hours of four or five in the Morning might have contented him; 'twas Misery enough to wake for him till then. Need he have staid out all Night? I shall learn to detest him?

Mrs. Bev. Not for the first Fault. He never slept from me before.

Char. Slept from you! No, no, his Nights have nothing to do with Sleep. How has this one Vice driven him from every Virtue! Nay, from his Affections, too! — The Time was, Sister——

Mrs. Bev. And is. I have no Fear of his Affections. Wou'd I knew that he were safe!

Char. From Ruin and his Companions—— But that's impossible. His poor little Boy, too? What must become of Him?

Mrs. Bev. Why Want shall teach him Industry. From his Father's Mistakes he shall learn Prudence, and from his Mother's Resignation, Patience. Poverty has no such Terrors in it as you imagine. There's no Condition of Life, Sickness and Pain excepted, where Happiness is excluded. The Husbandman, who rises early to
his

his Labour, enjoys more welcome Rest at Night for't. His Bread is sweeter to him; his Home happier; his Family dearer; his Enjoyments surer. The Sun that rouses him in the Morning, sets in the Evening to release him. All Situations have their Comforts, if sweet Contentment dwell in the Heart. But my poor *Beverley* has none. The Thought of having ruin'd those he loves, is Misery for ever to him. Wou'd I cou'd ease his Mind of that!

Char. If he alone were ruin'd, 'twere just he shou'd be punish'd. He is my Brother, 'tis true; but when I think of what he has done; of the Fortune you brought him; of his own large Estate too, squander'd away upon this vilest of Passions, and among the vilest of Wretches! O! I have no Patience! My own little Fortune is untouch'd, he says. Wou'd I were sure on't.

Mrs. Bev. And so you may — 'twou'd be a Sin to doubt it.

Char. I will be sure on't — 'twas Madness in me to give it to his Management. But I'll demand it from him this Morning. I have a melancholy Occasion for't.

Mrs. Bev. What Occasion?

Char. To support a Sister.

Mrs. Bev. No; I have no Need on't: Take it, and reward a Lover with it. The generous *Lewson* deserves much more. Why won't you make him happy?

Char. Because my Sister's miserable.

Mrs. Bev. You must not think so. I have my Jewels left yet. I'll sell 'em to supply our Wants; and when all's gone these Hands shall toil for our Support. The Poor should be industrious — Why those Tears, *Charlotte*?

Char. They flow in Pity for you.

Mrs. Bev. All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose I shall fetter him in these Arms again; and then what is it to be poor?

Char. Cure him but of this destructive Passion, and my Uncle's Death may retrieve all yet.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, *Charlotte*, cou'd we cure him. But the Disease of Play admits no Cure but Poverty; and the Loss of another Fortune wou'd but encrease his Shame and his Affliction. Will *Mr. Lewson* call this Morning?

Char. He said so last Night. He gave me Hints, too, that he had Suspicions of our Friend *Stukely*.

Mrs. Bev. Not of Treachery to my Husband? That he loves Play, I know; but surely he's honest.

Char. He would fain be thought so; therefore I doubt him. Honesty needs no Pains to set itself off.

Mrs. Bev. What now, *Lucy*?

Lucy. Your old Steward, Madam. I had not the Heart to deny him Admittance, the good old Man begg'd so hard for't. (*Exit Lucy.*

Enter

Enter Jarvis.

Mrs. Bev. Is this well, *Jarvis*? I desired you to avoid me.

Jar. Did you, Madam? I am an old Man, and had forgot. Perhaps, too, you forbid my Tears; but I am old, Madam, and Age will be forgetful.

Mrs. Bev. The faithful Creature! how he moves me. *(To Char.*

Char. Not to have seen him had been Cruelty.

Jar. I have forgot these Apartments, too. I remember none such in my young Master's House; and yet I have liv'd in't these five and twenty Years. His good Father would not have dismiss'd me.

Mrs. Bev. He had no Reason, *Jarvis*.

Jar. I was faithful to him while he liv'd, and when he dy'd, he bequeath'd me to his Son. I have been faithful to Him, too.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, I know it, *Jarvis*.

Char. We both know it.

Jar. I am an old Man, Madam, and have not a long Time to live. I ask'd but to have dy'd with him, and he dismiss'd me.

Mrs. Bev. Prithee no more of this! 'Twas his Poverty that dismiss'd you.

Jar. Is he indeed so poor, then? — Oh! he was the Joy of my old Heart — But must his Creditors have all? — And have they sold his House, too? His Father built it when He was
but

but a prating Boy. The Times that I have carry'd him in these Arms! And, *Jarvis*, say he, when a Beggar has ask'd Charity of me, why should People be poor? You shan't be poor, *Jarvis*; if I was a King, no-body should be poor. Yet He is poor. And then he was so brave! — O he was a brave little Boy! And yet so merciful he'd not have kill'd the Gnat that stung him.

Mrs. Bev. Speak to him, *Charlotte*; for I cannot.

Char. When I have wip'd my Eyes.

Jar. I have a little Money, Madam; it might have been more, but I have lov'd the Poor. All that I have is yours.

Mrs. Bev. No, *Jarvis*; we have enough yet. I thank you, though, and will deserve your Goodness.

Jar. But shall I see my Master? And will he let me attend him in his Distresses? I'll be no Expence to him; and 'twill kill me to be refused. Where is he, Madam?

Mrs. Bev. Not at Home, *Jarvis*. You shall see him another Time.

Char. To-morrow, or the next Day—O, *Jarvis*! What a Change is here!

Jar. A Change indeed, Madam! My old Heart akes at it. And yet, methinks—But here's somebody coming.

Enter

Enter Lucy with Stukely.

Lucy. Mr. *Stukely*, Madam. (*Exit.*

Stu. Good Morning to you, Ladies. Mr. *Jarvis*, your Servant. Where's my Friend, Madam?

(*To Mrs. Bev.*

Mr. Bev. I should have ask'd that Question of You. Have you seen him To-day?

Stu. No, Madam.

Char. Nor last Night?

Stu. Last Night! Did he not come Home then?

Mrs. Bev. No. Were you not together?

Stu. At the Beginning of the Evening; but not since. Where can he have staid?

Char. You call yourself his Friend, Sir; why do you encourage him in this Madness of Gaming?

Stu. You have ask'd me that Question before, Madam; and I told you my Concern was that I could not save him; Mr. *Beverley* is a Man, Madam; and if the most friendly Entreaties have no Effect upon him, I have no other Means. My Purse has been his, even to the Injury of my Fortune. If that has been Encouragement, I deserve Censure; but I meant it to retrieve him.

Mrs. Bev. I don't doubt it. Sir; and I thank you—But where did you leave him last Night?

Stu. At *Wilson's*, Madam, if I ought to tell; in Company I did not like. Possibly he may be there still. Mr. *Jarvis* knows the House, I believe.

Jar.

Jar. Shall I go, Madam?

Mrs. Bev. No, he may take it ill.

Char. He may go as from himself.

Stu. And, if he pleases, Madam, without naming Me. I am faulty myself, and should conceal the Errors of a Friend. But I can refuse nothing here. (*Bowing to the Ladies.*

Jar. I would fain see him, methinks.

Mrs. Bev. Do so, then. But take Care how you upbraid him. I have never upbraided him.

Jar. Wou'd I cou'd bring him Comfort!

(*Exit Jarvis.*

Stu. Don't be too much alarm'd, Madam. All Men have their Errors, and their Times of seeing 'em. Perhaps my Friend's Time is not come yet. But he has an Uncle; and old Men don't live for ever. You shou'd look forward, Madam; we are taught how to value a second Fortune by the Loss of a first.

(*Knocking at the Door.*

Mrs. Bev. Hark! — No—that Knocking was too rude for Mr. *Beverley*. Pray Heaven he be well!

Stu. Never doubt it, Madam. You shall be well, too—Every thing shall be well.

(*Knocking again:*

Mrs. Bev. The Knocking is a little loud, tho'—Who waits there? Will none of you answer?—None of you, did I say?—Alas! what was I thinking of!—I had forgot myself.

Char.

Char. I'll go, Sister——But don't be alarm'd fo. (Exit.

Stu. What extraordinary Accident have you to fear, Madam?

Mrs. Bev. I beg your Pardon; but 'tis ever thus with me in Mr. *Beverley's* Absence: No one knocks at the Door, but I fancy it is a Messenger of ill News.

Stu. You are too fearful, Madam; 'twas but one Night of Absence; and if ill Thoughts intrude (as Love is always doubtful) think of your Worth and Beauty, and drive 'em from your Breast.

Mrs. Bev. What Thoughts? I have no Thoughts that wrong my Husband.

Stu. Such Thoughts indeed would wrong him. The World is full of Slander; and every Wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his Neighbour with like Passions; and by the general Frailty hides his own—If you are wise, and wou'd be happy, turn a deaf Ear to such Reports. 'Tis Ruin to believe 'em.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, worse than Ruin. 'Twould be to sin against Conviction. Why was it mention'd?

Stu. To guard you against Rumour. The Sport of half Mankind is Mischief; and for a single Error they make Men Devils. If their Tales reach you, disbelieve 'em.

Mrs. Bev. What Tales? By whom? Why told? I have heard nothing—or if I had, with all his

Errors, my *Beverley's* firm Faith admits no Doubt—It is my Safety, my Seat of Rest and Joy, while the Storm threatens round me. I'll not forsake it. (*Stukely sighs and looks down*) Why turn you, Sir, away? and why that Sigh?

Stu. I was attentive, Madam; and Sighs will come we know not why. Perhaps I have been too busy—If it should seem so, impute my Zeal to Friendship, that meant to guard you against evil Tongues. Your *Beverley* is wrong'd, slander'd most vilely—My Life upon his Truth.

Mrs. Bev. And mine too. Who is't that doubts it? But no Matter — I am prepar'd, Sir—Yet why this Caution?—You are my Husband's Friend; I think you mine too; the common Friend of both. (*Pauses*) I had been unconcern'd else.

Stu. For Heaven's Sake, Madam, be so still! I meant to guard you against Suspicion, not to alarm it.

Mrs. Bev. Nor have you, Sir. Who told you of Suspicion? I have a Heart it cannot reach.

Stu. Then I am happy — I would say more — but am prevented.

Enter Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. Who was it, *Charlotte*?

Char. What a Heart has that *Jarvis*! — A Creditor, Sister. But the good old Man has taken him away — Don't distress his Wife! Don't distress his Sister! I could hear him say. 'Tis cruel

cruel to distress the Afflicted——And when he saw me at the Door, he begg'd Pardon that his Friend had knock'd so loud.

Stu. I wish I had known of this. Was it a large Demand, Madam?

Char. I heard not that; but Visits such as these, we must expect often.—Why so distress'd, Sister? This is no new Affliction.

Mrs. Bev. No, *Charlotte*; but I am faint with watching——quite sunk and spiritless——Will you excuse me, Sir? I'll to my Chamber, and try to rest a little.

Stu. Good Thoughts go with you, Madam.

(*Exit Mrs. Bev.*)

My Bait is taken then. (*Aside.*) Poor *Mrs. Beverley*! How my Heart grieves to see her thus!

Char. Cure her, and be a Friend then.

Stu. How cure her, Madam?

Char. Reclaim my Brother.

Stu. Ay; give him a new Creation; or breathe another Soul into him. I'll think on't, Madam. Advice I see is thankless.

Char. Useless I am sure it is, if thro' mistaken Friendship, or other Motives, you feed his Passion with your Purse, and sooth it by Example. Physicians to cure Fevers keep from the Patient's thirsty Lip the Cup that wou'd enflame him; You give it to his Hands—(*a Knocking.*) Hark! Sir—These are my Brother's desperate Symptoms——Another Creditor.

Stu. One not so easily got rid of——What, *Lewson!*

Enter Lewson.

Lew. Madam, your Servant——Yours, Sir. I was enquiring for you at your Lodgings.

Stu. This Morning? You had Business then?

Lew. You'll call it by another Name, perhaps. Where's Mr. *Beverley*, Madam?

Char. We have sent to enquire for him.

Lew. Is he abroad then? He did not use to go out so early.

Char. No; nor to stay out so late.

Lew. Is that the Case? I am sorry for it. But Mr. *Stukely*, perhaps, may direct you to him.

Stu. I have already, Sir. —— But what was your Business with me?

Lew. To congratulate you upon your late Successes at Play. Poor *Beverley!* But you are his Friend; and there's a Comfort in having successful Friends.

Stu. And what am I to understand by this?

Lew. That *Beverley's* a poor Man, with a rich Friend——that's all.

Stu. Your Words wou'd mean something, I suppose. Another Time, Sir, I shall desire an Explanation.

Lew. And why not now? I am no Dealer in long Sentences. A Minute or two will do for me.

Stu. But not for Me, Sir. I am slow of Apprehension, and must have Time and Privacy. A
Lady's

Lady's Presence engages my Attention——Another Morning I may be found at Home.

Lew. Another Morning then, I'll wait upon you.

Stu. I shall expect you, Sir. Madam, your Servant. (*Exit.*

Char. What mean you by this?

Lew. To hint to him that I know him.

Char. How know him? Mere Doubt and Supposition!

Lew. I shall have Proof soon,

Char. And what then? Wou'd you risk your Life to be his Punisher?

Lew. My Life, Madam! Don't be afraid. And yet I am happy in your concern for me. But let it content you that I know this *Stukely*—'T'wou'd be as easy to make him honest as brave.

Char. And what do you intend to do?

Lew. Nothing, 'till I have Proof. Yet my Suspicions are well grounded——But methinks, Madam, I am acting here without Authority. Cou'd I have Leave to call Mr. *Beverley* Brother, his Concerns would be my own. Why will you make my Services appear officious?

Char. You know my Reasons, and shou'd not press me. But I am cold, you say; and cold I will be, while a poor Sister's destitute——My Heart bleeds for her! and 'till I see her Sorrows moderated, I love has no Joys for me.

Lew.

Lew. Can I be less a Friend by being a Brother? I would not say an unkind Thing——But the Pillar of your House is shaken. Prop it with another, and it shall stand firm again——You must comply.

Char. And will——when I have Peace within myself. But let us change the Subject——Your Business here this Morning is with my Sister. Misfortunes press too hard upon her: Yet till to Day she has borne 'em nobly.

Lew. Where is she?

Char. Gone to her Chamber——Her Spirits fail'd her.

Lew. I hear her coming——Let what has pass'd with *Stukely* be a Secret——She has already too much to trouble her.

Enter Mrs. Beverley.

Mrs. Bev. Good Morning, Sir; I heard your Voice, and as I thought, enquiring for Me——Where's Mr. *Stukely*, *Charlotte*?

Char. This Moment gone——You have been in Tears, Sister, but here's a Friend shall comfort you.

Lew. Or if I add to your Distresses, I'll beg your Pardon, Madam. The Sale of your House and Furniture was finish'd Yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, Sir. I know too your generous Reason for putting me in Mind of it. But you have oblig'd me too much already.

Lew.

Lew. There are Trifles, Madam, which I know you have set a Value on: Those I have purchas'd, and will deliver. I have a Friend too that esteems you — He has bought largely; and will call nothing his, till he has seen you. If a Visit to him would not be painful, he has begg'd it may be this Morning.

Mrs. Bev. Not painful in the least. My Pain is from the Kindness of my Friends. Why am I to be oblig'd beyond the Power of Return?

Lew. You shall repay us at your own Time. I have a Coach waiting at the Door——Shall we have your Company, Madam? *To Char.*

Char. No. My Brother may return soon; I'll stay and receive him.

Mrs. Bev. He may want a Comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, *Charlotte*. We shan't be absent long——Come, Sir, since I must be so oblig'd.

Lew. 'Tis I that am oblig'd. An Hour or less will be sufficient for us. We shall find you at Home, Madam? *To Char. and Exit.*

with Mrs. Bev.

Char. Certainly. I have but little Inclination to appear abroad — O! this Brother! this Brother! To what Wretchedness has he reduc'd us.
(*Exit.*)

SCENE

SCENE changes to Stukely's Lodgings.

Enter Stukely.

Stu. That *Lewson* suspects me, 'tis too plain. Yet why shou'd he suspect me? — I appear the Friend of *Beverley* as much as he.—But I am rich it seems—and so I am; Thanks to another's Folly and my own Wisdom. To what Use is Wisdom, but to take Advantage of the Weak? This *Beverley's* my Fool; I cheat him, and he calls me Friend——But more Business must be done yet. His Wife's Jewels are unfold; so is the Reversion of his Uncle's Estate. I must have these too——And then there's a Treasure above all——I love his Wife——Before she knew this *Beverley* I lov'd her; but like a cringing Fool; bow'd at a Distance, while he stept in and won her——Never, never will I forgive him for't. My Pride, as well as Love, is wounded by this Conquest. I must have Vengeance. Those Hints, this Morning, were well thrown in——Already they have fatten'd on her. If Jealousy shou'd weaken her Affections, Want may corrupt her Virtue—My Heart rejoices in the Hope—These Jewels may do much. He shall demand 'em of her; which, when mine, shall be converted to special Purposes——What now, *Bates*?

Enter *Bates*.

Bates. Is it a Wonder then to see me? The Forces are all in Readiness, and only wait for Orders. Where's *Beverley*?

Stu.

Stu. At last Night's Rendezvous, waiting for me. Is *Dawson* with you?

Bates. Dress'd like a Nobleman; with Money in his Pocket, and a Set of Dice that shall deceive the Devil.

Stu. That Fellow has a Head to undo a Nation. But for the rest, they are such low-manner'd, ill-looking Dogs, I wonder *Beverley* has not suspected 'em.

Bates. No Matter for Manners and Looks. Do You supply 'em with Money, and they are Gentlemen by Profession—The Passion of Gaming casts such a Mist before the Eyes, that the Nobleman shall be surrounded with Sharpers, and imagine himself in the best Company.

Stu. There's that *Williams*, too—It was He, I suppose, that call'd at *Beverley's* with the Note this Morning. What Directions did you give him?

Bates. To knock loud, and be clamorous. Did not you see him?

Stu. No. The Fool sneak'd off with *Jarvis*. Had he appear'd within Doors, as directed, the Note had been discharg'd. I waited there on Purpose. I want the Women to think well of me; for *Lewson's* grown suspicious; he told me so himself.

Bates. What Answer did you make him?

Stu. A short one—That I wou'd see him soon, for farther Explanation.

Bates. We must take Care of him. But what have we to do with *Beverley*? *Dawson* and the rest are wondering at you.

Stu. Why let 'em wonder. I have Designs above their narrow Reach. They see me lend him Money; and they stare at me. But they are Fools. I want him to believe me beggar'd by him.

Bates. And what then!

Stu. Ay, there's the Question; but no Matter. At Night you may know more. He waits for me at *Wilson's*. I told the Women where to find him.

Bates. To what Purpose?

Stu. To save Suspicion. It look'd friendly; and they thank'd me. Old *Jarvis* was dispatch'd to him.

Bates. And may intreat him Home.

Stu. No; he expects Money from me: But I'll have none. His Wife's Jewels must go— Women are easy Creatures, and refuse nothing where they love— Follow to *Wilson's*; but be sure he sees you not. You are a Man of Character, you know; of Prudence and Discretion. Wait for me in an outer Room; I shall have Business for you presently. Come, Sir;

*Let drudging Fools by Honesty grow great;
The shorter Road to Riches is Deceit.* (Exeunt.)

The End of the first ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE a Gaming House, with a Table,
Box, Dice, &c.

BEVERLEY is discover'd sitting.

B E V E R L E Y.

WHY, what a World is this! The Slave,
that digs for Gold, receives his daily
Pittance, and sleeps contented; while those, for
whom he labours, convert their Good to Mis-
chief; making Abundance the Means of Want.
O Shame! Shame!—Had Fortune given me but
a little, that little had been still my own. But
Plenty leads to Waste; and shallow Streams
maintain their Currents, while swelling Rivers
beat down their Banks, and leave their Channels
empty. What had I to do with Play? I wanted
nothing. My Wishes and my Means were equal.
The Poor follow'd me with Blessings; Love
scatter'd Roses on my Pillow, and Morning wak'd
me to Delight—O, bitter Thought! that leads
to what I was, by what I am! I wou'd forget
both—Who's there?

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. A Gentleman, Sir, enquires for you.

Bev. He might have us'd less Ceremony.
Stukely, I suppose?

Wait. No, Sir, a Stranger.

Bev. Well, shew him in. (*Exit Waiter.*

A Messenger from *Stukely*, then! from Him that

has undone me! — Yet all in Friendship; and now he lends me from his Little, to bring back Fortune to me.

Enter Jarvis.

Jarvis! Why this Intrusion? — Your Absence had been kinder.

Jar. I came in Duty, Sir. If it be troublesome—

Bev. It is——I wou'd be private——hid even from myself. Who sent you hither?

Jar. One that wou'd persuade you Home again. My Mistress is not well; her Tears told me so.

Bev. Go with thy Duty there then——But does she weep? I am to blame to let her weep. Prithee begone: I have no Business for thee.

Jar. Yes, Sir; to lead you from this Place, I am your Servant still. Your prosperous Fortune bless'd my old Age. If That has left you, I must not leave you.

Bev. Not leave me! Recall past Time then; or through this Sea of Storms and Darknes, shew me a Star to guide me——But what can'st Thou?

Jar. The little that I can, I will. You have been generous to me — I wou'd not offend you, Sir—but—

Bev. No. Think'st thou I'd ruin Thee, too! I have enough of Shame already——My Wife! My Wife! Woud'st thou believe it, *Jarvis?* I have.

have not seen her all this long Night—I, who have lov'd her so, that every Hour of Absence seem'd as a Gap in Life. But other Bonds have held me—O! I have play'd the Boy! dropping my Counters in the Stream, and reaching to redeem 'em, have lost myself. Why wilt Thou follow Misery? Or if thou wilt, go to thy Mistress. She has no Guilt to sting her, and therefore may be comforted.

Jar. For Pity's Sake, Sir! — I have no Heart to see this Change.

Bev. Nor I to bear it — How speaks the World of me, *Jarvis*?

Jar. As of a good Man dead. Of one, who walking in a Dream, fell down a Precipice. The World is sorry for you.

Bev. Ay, and pities me. Says it not so? But I was born to Infamy—I'll tell thee what it says. It calls me Villain; a treacherous Husband; a cruel Father; a false Brother; one lost to Nature and her Charities. Or to say all in one short Word, it calls me—Gamester. Go to thy Mistress—I'll see her presently.

Jar. And why not now? Rude People press upon her; loud, bawling Creditors; Wretches, who know no Pity — I met one at the Door; he wou'd have seen my Mistress. I wanted Means of present Payment, so promis'd it Tomorrow. But others may be pressing; and she has Grief enough already. Your Absence hangs too heavy on her.

Bev.

Bev. Tell her I'll come, then. I have a Moment's Business. But what hast Thou to do with My Distresses? Thy Honesty has left thee poor; and Age wants Comfort. Keep what thou hast for Cordials; left between thee and the Grave, Misery steal in. I have a Friend shall counsel me——This is that Friend.

Enter Stukely.

Stu. How fares it, *Beverley*? Honest Mr, *Jarvis*, well met; I hop'd to find you here. That Viper *Williams*! Was it not He that troubled you this Morning?

Jar. My Mistress heard him then? —— I am sorry that she heard him.

Bev. And *Jarvis* promis'd Payment.

Stu. That must not be. Tell him I'll satisfy him.

Jar. Will you, Sir? Heaven will reward you for't.

Bev. Generous *Stukely*! Friendship like yours, had it Ability like Will, wou'd more than balance the Wrongs of Fortune.

Stu. You think too kindly of me——Make haste to *Williams*; his Clamours may be rude else. (*to Jar.*

Jar. And my Master will go Home again——Alas! Sir, we know of Hearts there breaking for his Absence. (*Exit.*

Bev. Wou'd I were dead!

Stu. Or turn'd Hermit; counting a String of Beads in a dark Cave; or under a weeping Willow,

low, praying for Mercy on the Wicked. Ha! ha! ha!—Prithee be a Man, and leave dying to Disease and old Age. Fortune may be ours again; at least we'll try for't.

Bev. No; it has fool'd us on too far.

Stu. Ay, ruin'd us; and therefore we'll sit down contented. These are the Despondings of Men without Money; but let the shining Ore chink in the Pocket, and Folly turns to Wisdom. We are Fortune's Children——True, she's a fickle Mother; but shall We droop because She's peevish?——No; she has Smiles in Store. And these her Frowns are meant to brighten 'em.

Bev. Is this a Time for Levity? But you are single in the Ruin, and therefore may talk lightly of it. With Me 'tis complicated Misery.

Stu. You censure me unjustly—I but assumed these Spirits to cheer my Friend. Heaven knows he wants a Comforter.

Bev. What new Misfortune?

Stu. I wou'd have brought you Money; but Lenders want Securities. What's to be done? All that was mine is yours already.

Bev. And there's the double Weight that sinks me. I have undone my Friend, too; one, who to save a drowning Wretch, reach'd out his Hand, and perish'd with him.

Stu. Have better Thoughts.

Bev. Whence are they to proceed?—I have nothing left.

Stu.

Stu. (*Sighing*) Then we're indeed undone: What Nothing? No Moveables? Nor useless Trinkets? Bawbles lock'd up in Caskets to starve their Owners?—I have ventur'd deeply for you.

Bev. Therefore this Heart-ake; for I am lost beyond all Hope.

Stu. No; Means may be found to save us. *Jarvis* is rich. Who made him so? This is no Time for Ceremony.

Bev. And is it for Dishonesty? The good old Man! Shall I rob Him too? My Friend wou'd grieve for't. No; let the little that he has, buy Food and Cloathing for him.

Stu. Good Morning; then: (*Going*.)

Bev. So hasty! Why then good Morning.

Stu. And when we meet again, upbraid me. Say it was I that tempted you. Tell *Lewson* so; and tell him I have wrong'd you—He has Suspicions of me, and will thank you.

Bev. No; we have been Companions in a rash Voyage, and the same Storm has wreck'd us both. Mine shall be Self-Upbraidings.

Stu. And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrow'd for you, while Land or Credit last; and now, when Fortune should be try'd, and my Heart whispers me Success, I am deserted; turn'd loose to Beggary, while You have Hoards.

Bev. What Hoards? Name 'em, and take 'em.

Stu. Jewels.

Bev.

Bev. And shall this thriftless Hand seize Them too? My poor, poor Wife! Must she lose all? I wou'd not wound her so.

Stu. Nor I, but from Necessity. One Effort more, and Fortune may grow kind. I have unusual Hopes.

Bev. Think of some other Means, then.

Stu. I have; and you rejected 'em.

Bev. Prythee let me be a Man.

Stu. Ay, and your Friend a poor one. But I have done. And for these Trinkets of a Woman, why, let her keep 'em to deck out Pride with, and shew a laughing World that she has Finery to starve in.

Bev. No; she shall yield up all. My Friend demands it. But need he have talk'd lightly of her? The Jewels that she values are Truth and Innocence——Those will adorn her ever; and for the rest, she wore 'em for a Husband's Pride, and to his Wants will give 'em. Alas! you know her not. Where shall we meet?

Stu. No Matter. I have chang'd my Mind. Leave me to a Prison; 'tis the Reward of Friendship.

Bev. Perish Mankind first — Leave you to a Prison! No; fallen as you see me, I'm not that Wretch. Nor wou'd I change this Heart, o'ercharg'd as 'tis with Folly and Misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if callous to a Friend's Distresses.

Stu. You are too warm.

Bev. In such a Cause, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell. I'll meet you at your Lodgings.

Stu. Reflect a little. The Jewels may be lost. Better not hazard 'em——I was too pressing.

Bev. And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up Time. I have no Leisure for't. Within an Hour expect me. (*Exit.*)

Stu. The thoughtless, shallow Prodigal! We shall have Sport at Night, then — But hold — The Jewels are not ours yet — The Lady may refuse 'em —— The Husband may relent, too —— 'Tis more than probable —— I'll write a Note to *Beverley*, and the Contents shall spur him to demand 'em —— But am I grown this Rogue thro' Avarice? No; I have warmer Motives, Love and Revenge——Ruin the Husband and the Wife's Virtue may be bid for? 'Tis of uncertain Value; and sinks, or rises in the Purchase, as Want, or Wealth, or Passion governs. The Poor part cheaply with it; rich Dames, tho' pleas'd with selling, will have high Prices for't. Your Love-sick Girls give it for Oaths and Lying. But tender Wives, who boast of Honour and Affections, keep it against Famine——Why, let Famine come then; I am in haste to purchase.

Enter Bates.

Look to your Men, *Bates*; there's Money stirring. We meet To-night upon this Spot. Ha-
sten

then and tell 'em so. *Beverley* calls upon me at my Lodgings, and we return together. Hasten, I say, the Rogues will scatter else.

Bates. Not 'till their Leader bids 'em.

Stu. Come on, then. Give 'em the Word and follow me; I must advise with you——This is a Day of Business. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Beverley and Charlotte.

Char. Your Looks are chang'd, too; there's Wildness in 'em. My wretched Sister! How will it grieve her to see you thus!

Bev. No, no —— a little Rest will ease me. And for your *Leeson's* Kindness to her, it has my Thanks; I have no more to give him.

Char. Yes; a Sister and her Fortune. I trifle with him and he complains——My Looks, he says, are cold upon him. He thinks too——

Bev. That I have lost your Fortune——He dares not think so.

Char. Nor does he —— You are too quick at guessing. He cares not if you had. That Care is mine—I lent it you to husband, and now I claim it.

Bev. You have Suspicions, then.

Char. Cure 'em, and give it me.

Bev. To stop a Sister's Chiding.

Char. To vindicate her Brother.

Bev. How if he needs no Vindication?

Char. I wou'd fain hope so.

Bev. Ay, wou'd and cannot. Leave it to Time, then; 'twill satisfy all Doubts.

Char. Mine are already satisfy'd.

Bev. 'Tis well. And when the Subject is renew'd, speak to me like a Sister, and I will answer like a Brother.

Char. To tell me I'm a Beggar.—Why, tell it now. I that can bear the Ruin of those dearer to me, the Ruin of a Sister and her Infant, can bear that too.

Bev. No more of this—you wring my Heart.

Char. Wou'd that the Misery were all your own! But Innocence must suffer—Unthinking Rioter! whose Home was Heaven to him; an Angel dwelt there, and a little Cherub, that crown'd his Days with Blessings—How he has lost this Heaven to league with Devils!

Bev. Forbear, I say; Reproaches come too late; they search, but cure not: And for the Fortune you demand, we'll talk To-morrow on't; our Tempers may be milder.

Char. Or if 'tis gone, why farewell all. I claim'd it for a Sister. She holds my Heart in her's; and every Pang she feels tears it in Pieces — But I'll upbraid no more. What Heaven permits, perhaps, it may ordain; and Sorrow then is sinful. Yet that the Husband! Father! Brother! should be its Instruments of Vengeance! — 'Tis grievous to know that.

Bev.

Bev. If you're my Sister, spare the Remembrance — it wounds too deeply. To-morrow shall clear all; and when the worst is known, it may be better than your Fears. Comfort my Wife; and for the Pains of Absence, I'll make Atonement. The World may yet go well with us.

Char. See where she comes! — Look cheerfully upon her — Affections such as her's are prying, and lend those Eyes that read the Soul,

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Lewson.

Mrs. Bev. My Life!

Bev. My Love! How fares it? I have been a truant Husband.

Mrs. Bev. But we meet now, and that heals all.—Doubts and Alarms I have had; but in this dear Embrace I bury and forget 'em—My Friend here (*pointing to Lewson*) has been indeed a Friend. *Charlotte*, 'tis You must thank him: Your Brother's Thanks and mine are of too little Value.

Bev. Yet what we have we'll pay. I thank you, Sir, and am oblig'd. I wou'd say more, but that your Goodness to the Wife, upbraids the Husband's Follies. Had I been wise, she had not trespass'd on your Bounty.

Lew. Nor has she trespass'd. The little I have done, Acceptance over-pays.

Char. So Friendship thinks——

Mrs. Bev. And double Obligations by striving to conceal 'em——We'll talk another Time on't. ——You are too thoughtful, Love.

Bev.

Bev. No, I have Reason for these Thoughts.

Char. And Hatred for the Cause——Wou'd you had That, too!

Bev. I have——The Cause was Avarice.

Char. And who the Tempter?

Bev. A ruin'd Friend——ruin'd by too much Kindness.

Lew. Ay, worse than ruin'd; stabb'd in his Fame, mortally stabb'd——Riches can't cure him.

Bev. Or if they cou'd, those I have drain'd him of. Something of this he hinted in the Morning——That *Lewson* had Suspicions of him——Why these Suspicions? *(angrily.)*

Lew. At School we knew this *Stukely*. A cunning plodding Boy he was, sordid and cruel. Slow at his Task, but quick at Shifts and Trick-ing. He schem'd out Mischiefs, that others might be punish'd; and wou'd tell his Tale with so much Art, that for the Lash he merited, Rewards and Praise were given him. Shew me a Boy with such a Mind, and Time that ripens Manhood in him, shall ripen Vice, too——I'll prove him, and lay him open t'you——'Till then be warn'd——I know him, and therefore shun him.

Bev. As I wou'd those that wrong him——You are too busy, Sir.

Mrs. Bev. No, not too busy——Mistaken, perhaps——That had been milder.

Lew. No Matter, Madam. I can bear this, and praise the Heart that prompts it——Pity such Friendship shou'd be so plac'd!

Bev.

Bev. Again, Sir! But I'll bear, too——You wrong him, *Lewson*, and will be sorry for't.

Char. Ay, when 'tis prov'd he wrongs him: The World is full of Hypocrites.

Bev. And *Stukely* one —— so you'd infer, I think——I'll hear no more of this——my Heart akes for him——I have undone him.

Lew. The World says otherwise.

Bev. The World is false, then——I have Business with you, Love. (*to Mrs. Bev.*) We'll leave 'em to their Rancour. (*going.*)

Char. No. We shall find Room within for't. ——Come this Way, Sir. (*to Lewson.*)

Lew. Another Time my Friend will thank me; that Time is hastening too. (*Ex. Lew. and Char.*)

Bev. They hurt me beyond bearing —— Is *Stukely* false? Then Honesty has left us! 'Twere sinning against Heaven to think so.

Mrs. Bev. I never doubted him.

Bev. No; You are Charity. Meekness and ever-during Patience live in that Heart, and Love that knows no Change——Why did I ruin you?

Mrs. Bev. You have not ruin'd me. I have no Wants when You are present, nor Wishes in your Absence but to be blest with your Return. Be but resign'd to what has happen'd, and I am rich beyond the Dreams of Avarice.

Bev. My generous Girl! --- But Memory will be busy; still crowding on my Thoughts, to sour the Present by the Past. I have another Pang, too. *Mrs.*

Mrs. *Bev.* Tell it, and let me cure it.

Bev. That Friend — that generous Friend, whose Fame they have traduc'd — I have undone Him too. While he had Means he lent me largely; and now a Prison must be his Portion.

Mrs. *Bev.* No; I hope otherwise.

Bev. To hope must be to act. The charitable Wish feeds not the Hungry—Something must be done.

Mrs. *Bev.* What?

Bev. In Bitterness of Heart he told me, just now he told me, I had undone him. Cou'd I hear that, and think of Happiness? No; I have disclaim'd it, while He is miserable.

Mrs. *Bev.* The World may mend with us, and then we may be grateful. There's Comfort in that Hope.

Bev. Ay; 'tis the sick Man's Cordial, his promis'd Cure; while in preparing it the Patient dies.—What now?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. A Letter, Sir. *(delivers it and Ex.*

Bev. The Hand is *Stukely's*.

(opens it and reads it to himself.

Mrs. *Bev.* And brings good News—at least I'll hope so—What says he, Love?

Bev. Why this --- too much for Patience. Yet he directs me to conceal it from you. *(reads.*

“ Let

“ Let your Haste to see me be the only Proof of
 “ your Esteem for me. I have determin’d,
 “ since we parted, to bid Adieu to *England*;
 “ chusing rather to forsake my Country, than
 “ to owe my Freedom in it to the Means we
 “ talk’d of. Keep this a Secret at Home,
 “ and hasten to the ruin’d

R. Stukely.”

Ruin’d by Friendship! I must relieve or follow him.

Mrs. Bev. Follow him, did you say? Then I am lost, indeed!

Bev. O this infernal Vice! how has it sunk me! A Vice, whose highest Joy was poor to my domestic Happiness. Yet how have I pursu’d it! turn’d all my Comforts to bitterest Pangs! and all my Smiles to Tears. Damn’d, damn’d Infatuation!

Mrs. Bev. Be cool, my Life! What are the Means the Letter talks of? Have you——have I those Means? Tell me, and ease me. I have no Life while you are wretched.

Bev. No, no; it must not be. ’Tis I alone have sinn’d; ’tis I alone must suffer. You shall reserve those Means to keep my Child and his wrong’d Mother from Want and Wretchedness.

Mrs. Bev. What Means?

Bev. I came to rob you of ’em --- but cannot --- dare not --- Those Jewels are your sole Support --- I should be more than Monster to request ’em.

Mrs. *Bev.* My Jewels? Trifles, not worth the speaking of, if weigh'd against a Husband's Peace; but let 'em purchase That, and the World's Wealth is of less Value.

Bev. Amazing Goodness! How little do I seem before such Virtues!

Mrs. *Bev.* No more, my Love. I kept 'em 'till Occasion call'd to use 'em; now is the Occasion, and I'll resign 'em cheerfully.

Bev. Why we'll be rich in Love, then. But this Excess of Kindness melts me. Yet for a Friend one wou'd do much — He has deny'd Me nothing.

Mrs. *Bev.* Come to my Closet — But let him manage wisely. We have no more to give him.

Bev. Where learnt my Love this Excellence? — 'Tis Heaven's own teaching: That Heaven, which to an Angel's Form has given a Mind more lovely. I am unworthy of you, but will deserve you better.

*Henceforth my Follies and Neglects shall cease,
And all to come be Penitence and Peace;
Vice shall no more attract me with her Charms,
Nor Pleasure reach me, but in these dear Arms.*

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the Second ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE Stukely's Lodgings.

Enter Stukely and Bates.

Stu. SO runs the World, *Bates.* Fools are the natural Prey of Knaves; Nature design'd them so, when she made Lambs for Wolves. The Laws that Fear and Policy have fram'd, Nature declaims: She knows but two; and those are Force and Cunning. The nobler Law is Force; but then there's Danger in't; while Cunning, like a skilful Miner, works safely and unseen.

Bates. And therefore wisely. Force must have Nerves and Sinews; Cunning wants neither. The Dwarf that has it shall trip the Giant's Heels up.

Stu. And bind him to the Ground. Why, we'll erect a Shrine for Nature, and be her Oracles. Conscience is Weakness; Fear made it, and Fear maintains it. The Dread of Shame, inward Reproaches, and fictitious Burnings swell out the Phantom. Nature knows none of this; Her Laws are Freedom.

Bates. Sound Doctrine, and well deliver'd!

Stu. We are sincere, too, and practice what we teach. Let the grave Pedant say as much.—But now to Business. The Jewels are dispos'd of; and *Beverley* again worth Money. He waits to count his Gold out, and then comes hither.

If my Design succeeds, this Night we finish with him. Go to your Lodgings and be busy—You understand Conveyances, and can make Ruin sure.

Bates. Better stop here. The Sale of this Reversion may be talk'd of—There's Danger in't.

Stu. No, 'tis the Mark I aim at. We'll thrive and laugh. You are the Purchaser, and there's the Payment (*giving a Pocket-Book.*) He thinks you rich; and so you shall be. Enquire for Titles, and deal hardly; 'twill look like Honesty.

Bates. How if he suspects us?

Stu. Leave it to Me. I study Hearts, and when to work upon 'em. Go to your Lodgings; and if we come, be busy over Papers. Talk of a thoughtless Age, of Gaming and Extravagance; you have a Face for't.

Bates. A Feeling too that wou'd avoid it. We push too far; but I have caution'd you. If it ends ill, you'll think of me—and so adieu. (*Exit.*)

Stu. This Fellow sins by Halves; His Fears are Conscience to him. I'll turn these Fears to Use. Rogues that dread Shame, will still be greater Rogues to hide their Guilt—This shall be thought of. *Lewson* grows troublesome—We must get rid of him.—He knows too much. I have a Tale for *Beverley*; Part of it Truth, too—He shall call *Lewson* to Account—If it succeeds, 'tis well; if not, we must try other Means—But here he comes—I must dissemble.

Enter.

Enter Beverley.

Look to the Door there! (*in a seeming Fright*)
—My Friend!—I thought of other Visitors.

Bew. No; These shall guard you from 'em—
(*offering Notes*) Take 'em and use 'em cautiously
—The World deals hardly by us.

Stu. And shall I leave you destitute? No: Your
Wants are the greatest. Another Climate may
treat me kinder. The Shelter of To-night takes
me from this.

Bew. Let these be your Support then—Yet
is there need of Parting? I may have Means
again; we'll share 'em, and live wisely.

Stu. No. I shou'd tempt you on. Habit is
Nature in me; Ruin can't cure it. Even now
I wou'd be gaming. Taught by Experience as I
am, and knowing this poor Sum is all that's left
us, I am for venturing still—And say I am to
blame—Yet will this Little supply our Wants?
No; we must put it out to Usury. Whether 'tis
Madness in me, or some restless Impulse of good
Fortune, I yet am ignorant; but—

Bew. Take it, and succeed then. I'll try no more.

Stu. 'Tis surely Impulse; it pleads so strongly
—But you are cold—We'll e'en part here
then. And for this last Reserve, keep it for better
Uses; I'll have none on't. I thank you tho', and
will seek Fortune singly—One Thing I had for-
got—

Bew. What is it?

Stu.

Stu. Perhaps, 'twere best forgotten. But I am open in my Nature, and zealous for the Honour of my Friend——*Lewson* speaks freely of you.

Bev. Of You I know he does.

Stu. I can forgive him for't; but for my Friend I'm angry.

Bev. What says he of Me?

Stu. That *Charlotte's* Fortune is embezzled——He talks on't loudly.

Bev. He shall be silenc'd then——How heard you of it?

Stu. From many. He question'd *Bates* about it. You must account with Him, he says.

Bev. Or He with Me——and soon, too.

Stu. Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

Bev. I'll think on't——But whither go you?

Stu. From Poverty and Prisons——No Matter whither. If Fortune changes you may hear from me.

Bev. May these be prosperous, then. [*offering the Notes, which he refuses*] Nay, they are your's——I have sworn it; and will have nothing——Take 'em and use 'em.

Stu. Singly I will not. My Cares are for my Friend; for his lost Fortune, and ruin'd Family. All separate Interests I disclaim. Together we have fall'n; together we must rise. My Heart, my Honour, and Affections, all will have it so.

Bev. I am weary of being fool'd.

Stu.

Stu. And so am I—Here let us part, then—
These Bodings of Good-fortune shall all be stified;
I'll call 'em Folly, and forget 'em—This one
Embrace, and then farewell. (*offering to embrace.*)

Bev. No; Stay a Moment—How my poor
Heart's distracted! I have these Bodings too;
but whether caught from You, or prompted by
my good or evil Genius, I know not—The
Trial shall determine—And yet, my Wife.

Stu. Ay, ay, she'll chide.

Bev. No; My Chidings are all here.

(*pointing to his Heart.*)

Stu. I'll not persuade you.

Bev. I am persuaded; by Reason, too; the
strongest Reason; Necessity. Oh! cou'd I but
regain the Height I have fallen from, Heaven
shou'd forsake me in my latest Hour, if I again
mix'd in these Scenes, or sacrific'd the Husband's
Peace, his Joy and best Affections, to Avarice
and Infamy.

Stu. I have resolv'd like You; and since our
Motives are so honest, why shou'd we fear Success?

Bev. Come on, then—Where shall we meet?

Stu. At *Wilson's*—Yet if it hurts you, leave
me: I have misled you often.

Bev. We have misled each other—But come!
Fortune is fickle, and may be tir'd with plaguing
us—There let us rest our Hopes.

Stu. Yet think a little—

Bev.

Bev. I cannot——thinking but distracts me:

*When Desperation leads all Thoughts are vain;
Reason wou'd lose, what Rashness may obtain.*

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to Beverley's Lodgings.

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Cha. 'Twas all a Scheme, a mean one; unworthy of my Brother.

Mrs. Bev. No, I am sure it was not—*Stukely* is honest too; I know he is——This Madness has undone 'em both.

Char. My Brother irrecoverably——You are too spiritless a Wife——A mournful Tale, mixt with a few kind Words, will steal away your Soul. The World's too subtle for such Goodness. Had I been by, he shou'd have ask'd your Life sooner than those Jewels.

Mrs. Bev. He shou'd have had it, then. (*warmly*) I live but to oblige him. She who can love, and is belov'd like Me, will do as much. Men have done more for Mistresses, and Women for a base Deluder. And shall a Wife do less? Your Chidings hurt me, *Charlotte*.

Char. And come too late; they might have sav'd you else. How cou'd he use you so?

Mrs. Bev. 'Twas Friendship did it. His Heart was breaking for a Friend.

Char. The Friend that has betray'd him.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. Prithee don't think so.

Char. To-morrow he accounts with Me.

Mrs. Bev. And fairly — I will not doubt it.

Char. Unless a Friend has wanted — I have no Patience — Sister! Sister! we are bound to curse this Friend.

Mrs. Bev. My *Beverley* speaks nobly of him.

Char. And *Lewson* truly — But I displease you with this Talk. — To-morrow will instruct us.

Mrs. Bev. Stay till it comes then — I wou'd not think so hardly.

Char. Nor I, but from Conviction — Yet we have Hope of better Days. My Uncle is infirm, and of an Age that threatens hourly — Or if he lives, you never have offended him; and for Distresses so unmerited he will have Pity.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, and am chearful. We have no more to lose; and for what's gone, if it brings *Prudence Home*, the Purchase was well made.

Char. My *Lewson* will be kind too. While He and I have Life and Means, You shall divide with us — And see, he's here!

Enter Lewson.

We were just speaking of you.

Lew. 'Tis best to interrupt you then. Few Characters will bear a Scrutiny; and where the Bad out-weighs the Good, he's safest that's least talk'd of. What say you, Madam? *(To Charlotte.*

Char. That I hate Scandal, tho' a Woman — therefore talk seldom of you.

Mrs. Bev. Or, with more Truth, that, tho' a Woman, she loves to praise——Therefore talks always of you. I'll leave you to decide it. (*Exit.*)

Lew. How good and amiable! I came to talk in private with you; of Matters that concern you.

Char. What Matters?

Lew. First answer me sincerely to what I ask.

Char. I will——But you alarm me.

Lew. I am too grave, perhaps; but be assur'd of this, I have no News that troubles Me, and therefore shou'd not You.

Char. I am easy then——Propose your Question.

Lew. 'Tis now a tedious Twelve-month, since with an open and kind Heart you said you lov'd me.

Char. So tedious, did you say?

Lew. And when in Consequence of such sweet Words, I press'd for Marriage, you gave a voluntary Promise that you wou'd live for Me.

Char. You think me chang'd, then? (*angrily.*)

Lew. I did not say so. A thousand times I have press'd for the Performance of this Promise: but private Cares, a Brother's and a Sister's Ruin, were Reasons for delaying it.

Char. I had no other Reasons.—Where will this end?

Lew. It shall end presently.

Char. Go on, Sir.

Lew. A Promise, such as this, given freely, not extorted, the World thinks binding; but I think otherwise.

Char.

Char. And wou'd release me from it?

Lew. You are too impatient, Madam.

Char. Cool, Sir—quite cool—Pray go on.

Lew. Time and a near Acquaintance with my Faults may have brought Change—if it be so; or for a Moment, if you have wish'd this Promise were unmade, here I acquit you of it—This is my Question then; and with such Plainness as I ask it, I shall entreat an Answer. Have you repented of this Promise?

Char. Stay, Sir. The Man that can suspect me shall find me chang'd——Why am I doubted?

Lew. My Doubts are of myself. I have my Faults, and You have Observation. If from my Temper, my Words or Actions, you have conceiv'd a Thought against me, or even a Wish for Separation, all that has pass'd is nothing.

Char. You startle me--- But tell me--- I must be answer'd first. Is it from Honour you speak this? Or do you wish me chang'd?

Lew. Heaven knows I do not. Life and my *Charlotte* are so connected, that to lose one, were Loss of both. Yet for a Promise, tho' given in Love, and meant for binding; if Time, or Accident, or Reason shou'd change Opinion——with Me that Promise has no Force.

Char. Why, now I'll answer you. Your Doubts are Prophecies——I am really chang'd.

Lew. Indeed!

Char. I cou'd torment You now, as you have

Me; but it is not in my Nature——That I am chang'd, I own: for what at first was Inclination, is now grown Reason in me; and from that Reason, had I the World! nay, were I poorer than the poorest, and You too wanting Bread, with but a Hovel to invite me too——I wou'd be yours, and happy.

Lew. My kindest *Charlotte!* (*taking her Hand*) Thanks are too poor for this——and Words too weak! But if we love so, why shou'd our Union be delay'd?

Char. For happier Times. The present are too wretched.

Lew. I may have Reasons that press it now.

Char. What Reasons?

Lew. The strongest Reasons; unanswerable ones.

Char. Be quick and name 'em.

Lew. No, Madam; I am bound in Honour to make Conditions first——I am bound by Inclination too. This sweet Profusion of kind Words pains while it pleases. I dread the losing you.

Char. Astonishment! What mean you!

Lew. First promise, that To-morrow, or the next Day, you will be mine for ever.

Char. I do——tho' Misery shou'd succeed.

Lew. Thus then I seize you! And with you every Joy on this Side Heaven!

Char. And thus I seal my Promise. (*embracing him*) Now, Sir, your Secret?

Lew. Your Fortune's lost.

Char.

Char. My Fortune lost! — I'll study to be humble then. But was my Promise claim'd for this? How nobly generous! Where learnt you this sad News?

Lew. From *Bates*, *Stukely's* prime Agent. I have oblig'd him, and he's grateful. — He told it me in Friendship, to warn me from my *Charlotte*.

Char. 'Twas honest in him, and I'll esteem him for't.

Lew. He knows much more than he has told.

Char. For Me it is enough. And for your generous Love, I thank you from my Soul. If you'd oblige me more, give me a little Time.

Lew. Why Time? It robs us of our Happiness.

Char. I have a Task to learn first. The little Pride this Fortune gave me must be subdu'd. Once we were equal; and might have met obliging and oblig'd. But now 'tis otherwise; and for a Life of Obligations, I have not learnt to bear it.

Lew. Mine is that Life. You are too noble.

Char. Leave me to think on't.

Lew. To-morrow then you'll fix my Happiness?

Char. All that I can, I will.

Lew. It must be so; we live but for each other. Keep what you know a Secret; and when we meet To-morrow, more may be known. — Farewell. *(Exit.*

Char. My poor, poor Sister! how would this wound her! But I'll conceal it, and speak Comfort to her. *(Exit.*

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to a Room in the Gaming-House.*

Enter Beverley and Stukely.

Bev. Whither wou'd you lead me? (*Angrily.*

Stu. Where we may vent our Curfes.

Bev. Ay, on yourfelf, and thofe damn'd Counfels that have deftroy'd me. A thoufand Fiends were in that Bosom, and all let loofe to tempt me—I had refifted elfe.

Stu. Go on, Sir—I have deferv'd this from you.

Bev. And Curfes everlafting—Time is too fcanty for 'em—

Stu. What have I done?

Bev. What the Arch-Devil of old did—footh'd with falfe Hopes, for certain Ruin.

Stu. Myfelf unhurt; nay, pleas'd at your Defttruction—So your Words mean. Why; tell it to the World. I am too poor to find a Friend in't.

Bev. A Friend! what's he? I had a Friend.

Stu. And have one ftill.

Bev. Ay; I'll tell you of this Friend. He found me happieft of the Happy. Fortune and Honour crown'd me; and Love and Peace liv'd in my Heart. One Spark of Folly lurk'd there; That too he found; and by deceitful Breath blew it to Flames that have confum'd me. This Friend were You to Me. -

Stu. A little more, perhaps—The Friend who gave his All to fave you; and not fucceeding, chofe Ruin with you. But no Matter, I have undone you, and am a Villain. *Bev.*

Bev. No; I think not—The Villains are within.

Stu. What Villains?

Bev. *Dawson* and the rest——We have been Dupes to Sharpers.

Stu. How know you this? I have had Doubts as well as you; yet still as Fortune chang'd I blush'd at my own Thoughts——But You have Proofs, perhaps.

Bev. Ay, damn'd ones. Repeated Losses — Night after Night, and no Reverse—Chance has no Hand in this.

Stu. I think more charitably; yet I am peevish in my Nature, and apt to doubt——The World speaks fairly of this *Dawson*, so does it of the rest. We have watch'd 'em closely too. But 'tis a Right usurp'd by Losers, to think the Winners Knaves—We'll have more Manhood in us.

Bev. I know not what to think. This Night has stung me to the quick—Blasted my Reputation too—I have bound my Honour to these Vipers; play'd meanly upon Credit, 'till I tir'd 'em; and now they shun me to rifle one another. What's to be done?

Stu. Nothing. My Counsels have been fatal.

Bev. By Heaven I'll not survive this Shame—Traitor! 'tis you have brought it on me. (*taking hold of him*). Shew me the Means to save me, or I'll commit a Murder here, and next upon myself.

Stu. Why do it then, and rid me of Ingratitude.

Bev.

Bev. Prithee forgive this Language—I speak I know not what—Rage and Despair are in my Heart, and hurry me to Madnefs. My Home is Horror to me—I'll not return to't. Speak quickly; tell me, if in this Wreck of Fortune, one Hope remains? Name it, and be my Oracle.

Stu. To vent your Curses on—You have beftow'd 'em liberally. Take your own Counfel: and shou'd a desperate Hope present itself, 'twill fuit your desperate Fortune. I'll not advise you.

Bev. What Hope? By Heaven I'll catch at it, however desperate. I am fo funk in Mifery, it cannot lay me lower.

Stu. You have an Uncle.

Bev. Ay. What of Him?

Stu. Old Men live long by Temperance; while their Heirs ftarve on Expectation.

Bev. What mean you?

Stu. That the Reverfion of his Eftate is your's; and will bring Money to pay Debts with—Nay more, it may retrieve what's paff.

Bev. Or leave my Child a Beggar.

Stu. And what's his Father? A difhonourable one; engag'd for Sums he cannot pay——That shou'd be thought of.

Bev. It is my Shame——The Poison that enflames me. Where fhall we go? To whom? I am impatient 'till all's loft.

Stu. All may be your's again—Your Man is *Bates*——He has large Funds at his Command, and will deal juftly by you.

Bev.

Bev. I am resolv'd——Tell 'em within we'll meet 'em presently; and with full Purfes, too—Come, follow me.

Stu. No. I'll have no hand in this; nor do I counsel it—Use your Discretion, and act from that. You'll find me at my Lodgings.

Bev. Succeed what will, this Night I'll dare the worst.

'Tis loss of Fear, to be compleatly curs'd.

(*Exit Bev.*)

Stu. Why, lose it then for ever—Fear is the Mind's worst Evil; and 'tis a friendly Office to drive it from the Bosom—Thus far has Fortune crown'd me—Yet *Beverley* is rich; rich in his Wife's best Treasure, her Honour and Affections. I wou'd supplant him there, too. But 'tis the Curse of thinking Minds to raise up Difficulties. Fools only conquer Women. Fearless of Dangers which they see not, they press on boldly, and by persisting, prosper. Yet may a Tale of Art do much—*Charlotte* is sometimes absent. The Seeds of Jealousy are sown already. If I mistake not, they have taken Root too. Now is the Time to ripen 'em, and reap the Harvest. The softest of her Sex, if wrong'd in Love, or thinking that she's wrong'd, becomes a Tygress in Revenge——I'll instantly to *Beverley's*——No Matter for the Danger——When Beauty leads us on, 'tis Indiscretion to reflect, and Cowardice to doubt.

(*Exit.*)

H

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Lucy.

Mrs. *Bev.* Did *Charlotte* tell you any Thing?

Lucy. No, Madam.

Mrs. *Bev.* She look'd confus'd, methought; said she had Business with her *Lewson*; which, when I press'd to know, Tears only were her Answer.

Lu. She seem'd in haste, too—Yet her Return may bring you Comfort.

Mrs. *Bev.* No, my kind Girl; I was not born for't—But why do I distress thee? Thy sympathizing Heart bleeds for the Ills of others---What Pity that thy Mistress can't reward thee! But there's a Power above, that sees, and will remember all. Prithee sooth me with the Song thou sung'st last Night. It suits this Change of Fortune; and there's a Melancholy in't that pleases me.

Lu. I fear it hurts you, Madam---Your Goodness too draws Tears from me---But I'll dry 'em, and obey you.

S O N G.

*When Damon languish'd at my Feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The Moments of Delight how sweet!
But ah! how swift they flew!
The sunny Hill, the flow'ry Vale,
The Garden and the Grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent Tale,
And Vows of endless Love.*

II.

*The Conquest gain'd, he left his Prize,
 He left her to complain;
 To talk of Joy with weeping Eyes,
 And measure Time by Pain.
 But Heav'n will take the Mourner's Part,
 In pity to Despair;
 And the last Sigh that rends the Heart,
 Shall waft the Spirit there.*

Mrs. Bev. I thank thee, *Lucy* — I thank Heaven, too, my Griefs are none of these. Yet *Stukely* deals in Hints --- He talks of Rumours --- I'll urge him to speak plainly --- Hark! there's some one entering.

Lu. Perhaps my Master, Madam. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Bev. Let him be well too, and I am satisfy'd. (*Goes to the Door, and listens.*) No; 'tis another's Voice; his had been Music to me. Who is it, *Lucy*?

Re-enter Lucy with Stukely.

Lu. Mr. *Stukely*, Madam. (*Exit.*)

Stu. To meet you thus alone, Madam, was what I wish'd. Unseasonable Visits, when Friendship warrants 'em, need no Excuse. --- Therefore I make none.

Mrs. Bev. What mean you, Sir? And where's your Friend?

Stu. Men may have Secrets, Madam, which their best Friends are not admitted to. We parted in the Morning, not soon to meet again.

Mrs. *Bev.* You mean to leave us then? To leave your Country, too? I am no Stranger to your Reasons, and pity your Misfortunes.

Stu. Your Pity has undone you. Cou'd *Beverley* do this? That Letter was a false one; a mean Contrivance to rob you of your Jewels—I wrote it not.

Mrs. *Bev.* Impossible! whence came it then?

Stu. Wrong'd as I am, Madam, I must speak plainly——

Mrs. *Bev.* Do so, and ease me. Your Hints have troubled me. Reports, you say, are stirring——Reports of whom? You wish'd me not to credit 'em. What, Sir, are these Reports?

Stu. I thought 'em Slander, Madam; and caution'd you in Friendship; lest from officious Tongues the Tale had reach'd you with double Aggravation.

Mrs. *Bev.* Proceed, Sir.

Stu. It is a Debt due to my Fame, due to an injur'd Wife, too——We both are injur'd.

Mrs. *Bev.* How injur'd? And who has injur'd us?

Stu. My Friend, your Husband.

Mrs. *Bev.* You wou'd resent for both then? But know, Sir, My Injuries are my own, and do not need a Champion.

Stu. Be not too hasty, Madam. I come not in Repentment, but for Acquittance——You thought me poor; and to the feign'd Distresses of a Friend gave up your Jewels.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. I gave 'em to a Husband.

Stu. Who gave 'em to a ——

Mrs. Bev. What? Whom did he give 'em to?

Stu. A Mistrefs.

Mrs. Bev. No; on my Life he did not.

Stu. Himself confess'd it, with Curfes on her Avarice.

Mrs. Bev. I'll not believe it —— He has no Mistrefs —— or if he has, why is it told to Me?

Stu. To guard you against Infalts. He told me, that to move you to Compliance, he forg'd that Letter; pretending I was ruin'd; ruin'd by Him, too. The Fraud succeeded; and what a trusting Wife bestow'd in Pity, was lavish'd on a Wanton.

Mrs. Bev. Then I am lost, indeed; and my Afflictions are too powerful for me —— His Follies I have borne without upbraiding, and saw the Approach of Poverty without a Tear —— My Affections, my strong Affections supported me through every Trial.

Stu. Be patient, Madam.

Mrs. Bev. Patient! The barbarous, ungrateful Man! And does he think that the Tenderness of my Heart is his best Security for wounding it? But he shall find that Injuries such as these, can arm my Weakness for Vengeance and Redress.

Stu. Ha! then I may succeed —— (Aside.
Redress is in your Power.

Mrs. Bev. What Redress?

Stu. :

Stu. Forgive me, Madam, if in my Zeal to serve you, I hazard your Displeasure.—Think of your wretched State. Already Want surrounds you? Is it in Patience to bear That? To see your helpless little one robb'd of his Birth-right? A Sister, too, with unavailing Tears, lamenting her lost Fortune? No Comfort left you, but ineffectual Pity from the Few, out-weigh'd by Insults from the Many?

Mrs. Bev. Am I so lost a Creature? Well, Sir, my Redrefs?

Stu. To be resolv'd is to secure it. The Marriage Vow, once violated, is in the Sight of Heaven dissolv'd — Start not, but hear me! 'Tis now the Summer of your Youth; Time has not cropt the Roses from your Cheek, tho' Sorrow long has wash'd 'em—Then use your Beauty wisely; and freed by Injuries, fly from the cruellest of Men, for Shelter with the kindest.

Mrs. Bev. And who is He?

Stu. A Friend to the Unfortunate; a bold one, too; who, while the Storm is bursting on your Brow, and Lightning flashing from your Eyes, dares tell you that he loves you.

Mrs. Bev. Wou'd that these Eyes had Heaven's own Lightning! that with a Look, thus I might blast thee! Am I then fallen so low? Has Poverty so humbled me, that I shou'd listen to a hellish Offer, and sell my Soul for Bread? O Villain! Villain! — But now I know thee, and thank thee for the Knowledge.

Stu.

Stu. If you are wise, you shall have Cause to thank me.

Mrs. Bev. An injur'd Husband, too, shall thank thee.

Stu. Yet know, proud Woman, I have a Heart as stubborn as your own; as haughty and imperious; and as it loves, so can it hate.

Mrs. Bev. Mean despicable Villain! I scorn thee and thy Threats. Was it for this that *Beverley* was false? That his too credulous Wife shou'd in Despair and Vengeance give up her Honour to a Wretch? But he shall know it, and Vengeance shall be his.

Stu. Why fend him for Defiance then. Tell him I love his Wife; but that a worthless Husband forbids our Union. I'll make a Widow of you, and court you honourably.

Mrs. Bev. O Coward! Coward! thy Soul will shrink at him. Yet in the Thought of what may happen, I feel a Woman's Fears. Keep thy own Secret, and begone. Who's there?

Enter Lucy.

Your Absence, Sir, wou'd please me.

Stu. I'll not offend you, Madam.

(Ex. Stu. with Lucy.)

Mrs. Bev. Why opens not the Earth to swallow such a Monster? Be Conscience then his Punisher, 'till Heaven in Mercy gives him Penitence, or dooms him in his Justice.

Re-

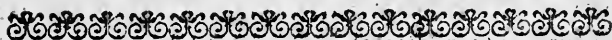
Re-enter Lucy.

Come to my Chamber, *Lucy*; I have a Tale to tell thee, shall make thee weep for thy poor Mistress.

*Yet Heaven the guiltless Sufferer regards,
And whom it most afflicts, it most rewards.*

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the Third ACT.



A C T IV.

SCENE *Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley, Charlotte, and Lewson.

Char. **T**HE smooth-tongu'd Hypocrite!
Lew. But we have found him, and will requite him—Be chearful, Madam; (*to Mrs. Bev.*) and for the Insults of this Ruffian you shall have ample Retribution.

Mrs. Bev. But not by Violence — Remember you have sworn it; I had been silent else.

Lew. You need not doubt me; I shall be cool as Patience.

Mrs. Bev. See him To-morrow then.

Lew. And why not now? By Heaven the veriest Worm that crawls is made of braver Spirit than

than this *Stukely*—Yet for my Promise, I'll deal gently with him—I mean to watch his Looks—From those, and from his Answers to my Charge, much may be learnt. Next I'll to *Bates*, and sift him to the Bottom. If I fail there, the Gang is numerous, and for a Bribe will each betray the other—Good Night; I'll lose no Time.

(*Ex. Lewson.*)

Mrs. Bev. These boisterous Spirits! how they wound me! But Reasoning is in vain. Come, *Charlotte*; we'll to our usual Watch. The Night grows late.

Char. I am fearful of Events; yet pleas'd—To-morrow may relieve us. (*Going.*)

Enter Jarvis.

Char. How now, good *Jarvis*?

Jar. I have heard ill News, Madam.

Mrs. Bev. What News? Speak quickly.

Jar. Men are not what they seem. I fear me *Mr. Stukely* is dishonest.

Char. We know it, *Jarvis*. But what's your News?

Jar. That there's an Action against my Master, at his Friend's Suit.

Mrs. Bev. O Villain! Villain! 'twas this he threaten'd then. Run to that Den of Robbers, *Wilson's*—Your Master may be there. Entreat him Home, good *Jarvis*. Say I have Business with him—But tell him not of *Stukely*—It may

provoke him to Revenge——Haste! haste! good
Jarvis. (Exit *Jarvis.*)

Char. This Minister of Hell! O I cou'd tear
him Piece-meal! ——

Mrs. Bev. I am sick of such a World——Yet
Heaven is just; and in its own good Time, will
hurl Destruction on such Monsters. (Exeunt.)

SCENE changes to *Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter Stukely and Bates meeting.

Bates. Where have you been?

Stu. Fooling my Time away——Playing my
Tricks, like a tame Monkey, to entertain a Wo-
man——No Matter where——I have been vext
and disappointed. Tell me of *Beverley*——How
bore he his last Shock?

Bat. Like one (so *Dawson* says) whose Senses
had been numb'd with Misery. When all was
lost, he fixt his Eyes upon the Ground, and
stood some Time, with folded Arms, stupid and
motionless. Then snatching his Sword that hung
against the Wainscot, he sat him down; and with
a Look of fixt Attention, drew Figures on the
Floor——At last he started up, look'd wild, and
trembled; and like a Woman, seiz'd with her
Sex's Fits, laugh'd out aloud, while the Tears
trickled down his Face——so left the Room.

Stu. Why, this was Madness.

Bat. The Madness of Despair.

Stu. We must confine him then. A Prison
wou'd

wou'd do well (*a Knocking at the Door.*) Hark!
 that Knocking may be his: Go that Way down;
 (*Ex. Bates.*)

Who's there?

Enter Lewson.

Lew. An Enemy—an open and avow'd one.

Stu. Why am I thus broke in upon? This House is mine, Sir; and shou'd protect me from Insult and Ill-manners.

Lew. Guilt has no Place of Sanctuary; wherever found, 'tis Virtue's lawful Game. The Fox's Hold, and Tyger's Den are no Security against the Hunter.

Stu. Your Business, Sir?

Lew. To tell you that I know you—Why this Confusion? That Look of Guilt and Terror?—Is *Beverley* awake? Or has his Wife told Tales? The Man that dares like You, shou'd have a Soul to justify his Deeds, and Courage to confront Accusers. Not with a Coward's Fear to shrink beneath Reproof.

Stu. Who waits there?

(*Aloud, and in Confusion.*)

Lew. By Heaven he dies that interrupts us. (*shutting the Door.*) You shou'd have weigh'd your Strength, Sir; and then, instead of climbing to high Fortune, the World had mark'd you for what you are, a little poultry Villain.

Stu. You think I fear you.

Lew. I know you fear me. This is to prove

it. (*pulls him by the Sleeve.*) You wanted Privacy! A Lady's Prefence took up your Attention! Now we are alone, Sir. Why, what a Wretch! (*flings him from him.*) The vilest Insect in Creation will turn when trampled on; yet has this Thing undone a Man—by Cunning and mean Arts undone him. But we have found you, Sir; trac'd you thro' all your Labyrinths. If you wou'd save yourself, fall to Confession. No Mercy will be shewn else.

Stu. First prove me what you think me—
'Till then your Threatenings are in vain—And for this Insult, Vengeance may yet be mine.

Lew. Infamous Coward! why take it now then—(*draws, and Stukely retires.*) Alas! I pity thee—Yet that a Wretch like this shou'd overcome a *Beverley!* it fills me with Astonishment!—A Wretch, so mean of Soul, that even Desperation cannot animate him to look upon an Enemy—You shou'd not thus have soar'd, Sir, unless, like others of your black Profession, you had a Sword to keep the Fools in Awe, your Villainy has ruined.

Stu. Villainy! 'Twere best to curb this Licence of your Tongue; for know, Sir, while there are Laws, this Outrage on my Reputation will not be borne with.

Lew. Laws! dar'st Thou seek Shelter from the Laws? Those Laws, which thou and thy infernal Crew live in the constant Violation of? Talk'st thou of Reputation, too? when under
Friend-

Friendship's sacred Name, thou hast betray'd, robb'd, and destroy'd?

Stu. Ay; rail at Gaming; 'tis a rich Topic, and affords noble Declamation — Go, preach against it in the City: You'll find a Congregation in every Tavern. If they shou'd laugh at you, fly to my Lord, and sermonize it there. He'll thank you and reform.

Lew. And will Example sanctify a Vice? No, Wretch; the Custom of my Lord, or of the Cit that apes him, cannot excuse a Breach of Law, or make the Gamester's Calling reputable.

Stu. Rail on, I say—But is this Zeal for beggar'd *Beverley*? Is it for Him that I am treated thus? No; he and his Wife might both have groan'd in Prison, had but the Sister's Fortune escap'd the Wreck, to have rewarded the disinterested Love of honest Mr. *Lewson*.

Lew. How I detest thee for the Thought! But thou art lost to every human Feeling. Yet let me tell thee, and may it wring thy Heart! that tho' my Friend is ruin'd by thy Snares, thou hast unknowingly been kind to Me.

Stu. Have I? It was indeed unknowingly.

Lew. Thou hast assisted me in Love; given me the Merit that I wanted; since but for Thee, my *Charlotte* had not known 'twas her dear self I sigh'd for, and not her Fortune.

Stu. Thank me, and take her then.

Lew. And as a Brother to poor *Beverley*, I will

will pursue the Robber that has stript him, and snatch him from his Gripe.

Stu. Then know, imprudent Man, he *is* within my Gripe; and shou'd my Friendship for him be slander'd once again, the Hand that has supply'd him, shall fall and crush him.

Lew. Why, now there's a Spirit in thee! This is indeed to be a Villain! But I shall reach thee yet—Fly where thou wilt, my Vengeance shall pursue thee—And *Beverley* shall yet be sav'd, be sav'd from Thee, thou Monster; nor owe his Rescue to his Wife's Dishonour. *(Exit.*

Stu. *(pausing)* Then Ruin has enclōs'd me. Curse on my coward Heart! I wou'd be bravely villainous; but 'tis my Nature to shrink at Danger, and he has found me. Yet Fear brings Caution, and That Security—More Mischief must be done to hide the past — Look to yourself, officious *Lewson*—there may be Danger stirring —How now, *Bates*?

Enter Bates.

Bat. What is the Matter? 'Twas *Lewson* and not *Beverley* that left you—I heard him loud — You seem alarm'd too.

Stu. Ay, and with Reason—We are discover'd.

Bat. I fear'd as much, and therefore caution'd you — But You were peremptory.

Stu. Thus Fools talk ever; spending their idle Breath on what is past, and trembling at the future. We must be active. *Beverley*, at worst, is
but

but suspicious; but *Lewson's* Genius, and his Hate to Me, will lay all open. Means must be found to stop him.

Bat. What Means?

Stu. Dispatch him——Nay, start not——Desperate Occasions call for desperate Deeds——We live but by his Death.

Bat. You cannot mean it?

Stu. I do, by Heaven.

Bat. Good Night, then. (*Going.*)

Stu. Stay. I must be heard, then answer'd. Perhaps the Motion was too sudden; and human Weakness starts at Murder, tho' strong Necessity compels it. I have thought long of this; and my first Feelings were like your's; a foolish Conscience aw'd me, which soon I conquer'd. The Man that wou'd undo me; Nature cries out, undo. Brutes know their Foes by Instinct; and where superior Force is given, they use it for Destruction. Shall Man do less? *Lewson* pursues us to our Ruin; and shall we, with the Means to crush him, fly from our Hunter, or turn and tear him? 'Tis Folly even to hesitate.

Bat. He has oblig'd me, and I dare not.

Stu. Why, live to Shame then, to Beggary and Punishment. You wou'd be privy to the Deed, yet want the Soul to act it. Nay more; had my Designs been levell'd at his Fortune, you had stept in the foremost——And what is Life without its Comforts? Those you wou'd rob him of; and

and by a lingering Death, add Cruelty to Murder. Henceforth adieu to half-made Villains—There's Danger in 'em. What you have got is your's; keep it, and hide with it—I'll deal my future Bounty to those that merit it.

Bat. What's the Reward?

Stu. Equal Division of our Gains. I swear it, and will be just.

Bat. Think of the Means then.

Stu. He's gone to *Beverley's*—Wait for him in the Street—'Tis a dark Night, and fit for Mischief. A Dagger would be useful.

Bat. He sleeps no more.

Stu. Consider the Reward! When the Deed's done, I have farther Business with you. Send *Dawson* to me.

Bat. Think it already done—and so farewell.

(*Exit.*)

Stu. Why, farewell *Lewson* then; and farewell to my Fears—This Night secures me. I'll wait the Event within.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE changes to the Street. Stage darken'd.

Enter *Beverley*.

Bev. How like an Out-cast do I wander? Loaded with every Curse, that drives the Soul to Desperation — The Midnight Robber, as he walks his Rounds, sees by the glimmering Lamp my frantic Looks, and dreads to meet me.— Whither am I going? — My Home lies there;

all

all that is dear on Earth it holds too; yet are the Gates of Death more welcome to me——'Til enter it no more——Who passes there? 'Tis *Lewson*——He meets me in a gloomy Hour; and Memory tells me he has been meddling with my Fame.

Enter Lewson.

Lew. *Beverley!* Well met. I have been busy in your Affairs.

Bew. So I have heard, Sir; and now must thank you as I ought.

Lew. To-morrow I may deserve your Thanks. Late as it is, I go to *Bates*. Discoveries are making that an arch Villain trembles at.

Bew. Discoveries are made, Sir, that You shall tremble at. Where is this boasted Spirit? this high Demeanour, that was to call me to Account? You say I have wrong'd my Sister——Now say as much. But first be ready for Defence, as I am for Resentment. *(Draws.*

Lew. What mean you? I understand you not.

Bew. The Coward's stale Acquittance. Who, when he spreads foul Calumny abroad, and dreads just Vengeance on him, cries out, What mean you, I understand you not.

Lew. Coward and Calumny! Whence are those Words? But I forgive, and pity you.

Bew. Your Pity had been kinder to my Fame. But you have traduc'd it; told a vile Story to the public Ear, that I have wrong'd my Sister.

Lew. 'Tis false. Shew me the Man that dares accuse me.

Bew. I thought you brave, and of a Soul superior to low Malice; but I have found you, and will have Vengeance. This is no Place for Argument.

Lew. Nor shall it be for Violence. Imprudent Man! who in Revenge for fancy'd Injuries, wou'd pierce the Heart that loves him. But honest Friendship acts from itself, unmov'd by Slander, or Ingratitude. The Life you thirst for, shall be employ'd to serve you.

Bew. 'Tis thus you wou'd compound then—First do a Wrong beyond Forgiveness, and to redress it, load me with Kindness unsolicited. I'll not receive it. Your Zeal is troublesome.

Lew. No Matter. It shall be useful.

Bew. It will not be accepted.

Lew. It must. You know me not.

Bew. Yes; for the Slanderer of my Fame. Who under Shew of Friendship, arraigns me of Injustice. Buzzing in every Ear foul Breach of Trust, and Family Dishonour.

Lew. Have I done this? Who told you so?

Bew. The World—'Tis talk'd of every where. It pleas'd you to add Threats, too. You were to call me to Account—Why, do it now then; I shall be proud of such an Arbitrer.

Lew. Put up your Sword, and know me better.

ter. I never injur'd you. The base Suggestion comes from *Stukely*; I see him and his Aims.

Bev. What Aims? I'll not conceal it; 'twas *Stukely* that accus'd you.

Lew. To rid him of an Enemy——Perhaps of two —— He fears Discovery, and frames a Tale of Falsehood, to ground Revenge and Murder on.

Bev. I must have Proof of this.

Lew. Wait till To-morrow then.

Bev. I will.

Lew. Good Night——I go to serve you——Forget what's past as I do; and cheer your Family with Smiles. To-morrow may confirm 'em, and make all happy. (*Exit.*)

Bev. (*Pausing.*) How vile, and how absurd is Man! His boasted Honour is but another Name for Pride; which easier bears the Consciousness of Guilt, than the World's just Reproofs. But 'tis the Fashion of the Times; and in Defence of Falsehood and false Honour, Men die Martyrs. I knew not that my Nature was so bad.

(*Stands musing.*)

Enter Bates and Jarvis.

Jar. This Way the Noise was — and yonder's my poor Master.

Bat. I heard him at high Words with *Lewson*. The Cause I know not.

Jar. I heard him too. Misfortunes vex him.

Bat. Go to him, and lead him Home—But he comes this Way—I'll not be seen by him.

(*Ex. Bates.*)

Bev. (*Starting.*) What Fellow's that? (*seeing Jarvis*) Art thou a Murderer, Friend? Come, lead the Way; I have a Hand as mischievous as thine; a Heart as desperate too—*Jarvis!*—To Bed, old Man, the Cold will chill thee.

Jar. Why are you wandering at this late Hour?—Your Sword drawn too!—For Heav'n's Sake sheath it, Sir—the Sight distracts me.

Bev. Whose Voice was that? (*wildly.*)

Jar. 'Twas mine, Sir. Let me intreat you to give the Sword to Me.

Bev. Ay, take it—quickly take it—Perhaps I am not so curs'd, but Heav'n may have sent thee at this Moment to snatch me from Perdition.

Jar. Then I am blest'd.

Bev. Continue so, and leave me. My Sorrows are contagious. No one is blest that's near me.

Jar. I came to seek you, Sir.

Bev. And now thou hast found me, leave me—My Thoughts are wild and will not be disturb'd.

Jar. Such Thoughts are best disturb'd.

Bev. I tell thee that they will not—Who sent thee hither?

Jar. My weeping Mistress.

Bev. Am I so meek a Husband then? that a commanding Wife prescribes my Hours, and sends to chide me for my Absence? — Tell her, I'll not return.

Jar.

Jar. Those Words wou'd kill her.

Bev. Kill her! Wou'd they not be kind then? But she shall live to curse me——I have deserv'd it of her. Does she not hate me, *Jarvis*?

Jar. Alas, Sir! Forget your Grievs, and let me lead you to her. The Streets are dangerous.

Bev. Be wise, and leave me then. The Night's black Horrors are suited to my Thoughts——These Stones shall be my Resting-place. (*lies down.*) Here shall my Soul brood o'er its Miseries; 'till with the Fiends of Hell, and Guilty of the Earth, I start and tremble at the Morning's Light.

Jar. For Pity's Sake, Sir! — Upon my Knees I beg you to quit this Place, and these sad Thoughts. Let Patience, not Despair possess you——Rise, I beseech you——There's not a Moment of your Absence, that my poor Mistress does not groan for.

Bev. Have I undone her, and is she still so kind? (*starting up*) It is too much——My Brain can't hold it——O, *Jarvis*! how desperate is that Wretch's State, which only Death or Madness can relieve.

Jar. Appease his Mind, good Heaven! and give him Resignation! Alas, Sir, cou'd Beings in the other World perceive the Events of this, how wou'd your Parents blessed Spirits grieve for you, even in Heaven! — Let me conjure you by their honour'd Memories; by the sweet Innocence of
your

your yet helpless Child, and by the ceaseless Sorrows of my poor Mistress, to rouse your Manhood, and struggle with these Grievs.

Bev. Thou virtuous, good old Man! thy Tears and thy Entreaties have reach'd my Heart, thro' all its Miseries. O! had I listen'd to thy honest Warnings, no earthly Blessing had been wanting to me! — I was so happy, that even a Wish for more than I possess'd, was arrogant Presumption. But I have warr'd against the Power that bless'd me, and now am sentenc'd to the Hell I merit.

Jar. Be but resign'd, Sir, and Happiness may yet be yours.

Bev. Prithee be honest, and do not flatter Misery.

Jar. I do not, Sir — Hark! I hear Voices — Come this Way; we may reach Home unnotic'd.

Bev. Well, lead me then — Un-notic'd did'st thou say? Alas! I dread no Looks but of those Wretches I have made at Home. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E *changes to* Stukely's.

Enter Stukely *and* Dawson.

Stu. Come hither, *Dawson*. My Limbs are on the Rack, and my Soul shivers in me, 'till this Night's Business be complete. Tell me thy Thoughts: Is *Bates* determin'd, or does he waver?

Daw. At first he seem'd irresolute; wish'd the
Em-

Employment had been mine; and mutter'd
 Curses on his Coward Hand, that trembled at
 the Deed.

Stu. And did he leave you so?

Daw. No. We walk'd together; and shelter'd by the Darkness, saw *Beverley* and *Lewson* in warm Debate. But soon they cool'd; and then I left 'em to hasten hither; but not 'till 'twas resolv'd *Lewson* shou'd die.

Stu. Thy Words have given me Life—That Quarrel, too, was fortunate; for if my Hopes deceive me not, it promises a Grave to *Beverley*.

Daw. You misconceive me. *Lewson* and he were Friends.

Stu. But my prolific Brain shall make 'em Enemies. If *Lewson* falls, he falls by *Beverley*. An upright Jury shall decree it. Ask me no Question, but do as I direct. This Writ (*takes out a Pocket Book*) for some Days past, I have treasur'd here, 'till a convenient Time call'd for its Use. That Time is come. Take it, and give it to an Officer. It must be serv'd this Instant. (*Gives a Paper.*)

Daw. On *Beverley*?

Stu. Look at it. 'Tis for the Sums that I have lent him.

Daw. Must he to Prison then?

Stu. I ask'd Obedience; not Replies. This Night a Jail must be his Lodging. 'Tis probable he's not gone Home yet. Wait at his Door, and see it executed.

Daw.

Daw. Upon a Beggar? He has no Means of Payment.

Stu. Dull and insensible! If *Lewson* dies, who was it kill'd him? Why, he that was seen quarrelling with him; and I that knew of *Beverley's* Intents, arrested him in Friendship — A little late, perhaps; but 'twas a virtuous Act, and Men will thank me for't. Now, Sir, you understand me?

Daw. Most perfectly — And will about it.

Stu. Hasten then; and when 'tis done, come back and tell me.

Daw. 'Till then farewell. (*Exit.*)

Stu. Now tell thy Tale, fond Wife! And *Lewson*, if again thou can'st insult me, I'll kneel and own thee for my Master.

*Not Avarice now, but Vengeance fires my Breast,
And one short Hour must make me curst or blest.*

(*Exit.*)

End of the Fourth ACT.



ACT V. Scene continues.

Enter Stukely, Bates, and Dawson.

Bates. **P**OOOR *Lewson*! — But I told you enough last Night — The Thought of him is horrible to me.

Stu.

The G A M E S T E R.

Stu. In the Street, did you say? And no one near him?

Bat. By his own Door; he was leading me to his House. I pretended Business with him, and stabb'd him to the Heart, while he was reaching at the Bell.

Stu. And did he fall so suddenly?

Bat. The Repetition pleases you, I see. I told you, he fell without a Groan.

Stu. What heard you of him this Morning?

Bat. That the Watch found him in their Rounds, and alarm'd the Servants. I mingled with the Crowd just now, and saw him dead in his own House.—The Sight terrify'd me.

Stu. Away with Terrors, 'till his Ghost rise and accuse us—We have no living Enemy to fear—unless 'tis *Beverley*; and him we have lodg'd safe in Prison.

Bat. Must He be murder'd too?

Stu. No; I have a Scheme to make the Law his Murderer—At what Hour did *Lewson* fall?

Bat. The Clock struck Twelve as I turn'd to leave him. 'Twas a melancholy Bell, I thought, tolling for his Death.

Stu. The Time was lucky for us—*Beverley* was arrested at One, you say? (to Dawson.

Daw. Exactly.

Stu. Good. We'll talk of this presently—The Women were with him, I think?

Daw. And old *Jarvis*. I wou'd have told

The G A M E S T E R.

you of 'em last Night, but your Thoughts were too busy. 'Tis well you have a Heart of Stone, the Tale wou'd melt it else.

Stu. Out with it then:

Daw. I trac'd him to his Lodgings; and pretending Pity for his Misfortunes, kept the Door open, while the Officers seiz'd him. 'Twas a damn'd Deed —— but no Matter —— I follow'd my Instructions.

Stu. And what said he?

Daw. He upbraided me with Treachery; call'd You a Villain; acknowledg'd the Sums you had lent him, and submitted to his Fortune.

Stu. And the Women ——

Daw. For a few Minutes Astonishment kept 'em silent —— They look'd wildly at one another, while the Tears stream'd down their Cheeks. But Rage and Fury soon gave 'em Words; and then, in the very Bitterness of Despair, they curs'd me and the Monster that had employ'd me.

Stu. And you bore it with Philosophy?

Daw. 'Till the Scene chang'd, and then I melted. I order'd the Officers to take away their Prisoner. The Women shriek'd, and wou'd have follow'd him; but we forbad 'em. 'Twas then they fell upon their Knees, the Wife tainting, the Sister raving, and both with all the Eloquence of Misery endeavouring to soften us. I never felt Compassion 'till that Moment; and had the Officers been mov'd like Me, we had left
the

the Business undone, and fled with Curses on ourselves. But their Hearts were steel'd by Custom. The Tears of Beauty and the Pangs of Affection were beneath their Pity. They tore him from their Arms, and lodg'd him in Prison, with only *Jarvis* to comfort him.

Stu. There let him lie, 'till we have farther Business with him — And for You, Sir, let me hear no more of your Compassion — A Fellow nurs'd in Villainy, and employ'd from Childhood in the Business of Hell, shou'd have no Dealings with Compassion.

Daw. Say you so, Sir? — You shou'd have nam'd the Devil that tempted me —

Stu. 'Tis false I found you a Villain, and therefore employ'd you — but no more of this — We have embark'd too far in Mischief to recede. *Lewson* is dead, and we are all Principals in his Murder. Think of that — There's Time enough for Pity when ourselves are out of Danger — *Beverley* still lives, tho' in a Jail — His Ruin will sit heavy on him; and Discoveries may be made to undo us all. Something must be done, and speedily — You saw him quarrelling with *Lewson* in the Street last Night? (To *Bates*.)

Bat. I did; his Steward, *Jarvis*, saw him too.

Stu. And shall attest it. Here's Matter to work upon — An unwilling Evidence carries Weight with him. Something of my Design I have hinted t'you before — *Beverley* must be

the Author of this Murder; and we the Parties to convict him——But how to proceed will require Time and Thought——Come along with Me; the Room within is fitter for Privacy——But no Compassion, Sir —— (*to Dawson*) We want Leisure for't——This Way. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE *changes to Beverley's Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Mrs. *Bev.* No News of *Lewis* yet?

Char. None. He went out early, and knows not what has happen'd.

Mrs. *Bev.* The Clock strikes Eight —— I'll wait no longer.

Char. Stay but 'till *Jarvis* comes. He has sent twice to stop us 'till we see him.

Mrs. *Bev.* I have no Life in this Separation——O! What a Night was last Night! I wou'd not pass another such to purchase Worlds by it —— My poor *Beverley* too! What must He have felt! The very Thought distracts me —— To have him torn at Midnight from me! —— A loathsome Prison his Habitation! A cold damp Room his Lodging! The bleak Winds perhaps blowing upon his Pillow! No fond Wife to lull him to his Rest! and no Reflections but to wound and tear him! —— 'Tis too horrible —— I wanted Love for him, or they had not forc'd him from me. They shou'd have parted Soul and Body first —— I was too tame.

Char.

Char. You must not talk so. All that we cou'd we did; and *Jarvis* did the rest——The faithful Creature will give him Comfort. Why does he delay coming!

Mrs. Bev. And there's another Fear. His poor Master may be claiming the last kind Office from him——His Heart perhaps is breaking.

Char. See where he comes —— His Looks are chearful too.

Enter Jarvis.

Mrs. Bev. Are Tears then chearful? Alas, he weeps! Speak to him, *Charlotte*——I have no Tongue to ask him Questions.

Char. How does your Master, *Jarvis*?

Jar. I am old and foolish, Madam; and Tears will come before my Words —— But don't You weep; (*to Mrs. Bev.*) I have a Tale of Joy for you.

Mrs. Bev. What Tale? —— Say but he's well, and I have Joy enough.

Jar. His Mind too shall be well——all shall be well——I have News for him that shall make his poor Heart bound again——Fie upon old Age——How childish it makes me! I have a Tale of Joy for you, and my Tears drown it.

Char. Shed 'em in Showers then, and make Haste to tell it.

Mrs. Bev. What is it, *Jarvis*?

Jar. Yet why shou'd I rejoice when a good Man dies? Your Uncle, Madam, dy'd Yesterday.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. My Uncle!——O Heavens!

Char. How heard you of his Death?

Jar. His Steward came Express, Madam—I met him in the Street, enquiring for your Lodgings——I shou'd not rejoice perhaps——but he was old, and my poor Master a Prisoner——Now he shall live again——O 'tis a brave Fortune! and 'twas Death to me to see him a Prisoner.

Char. Where left you the Steward?

Jar. I wou'd not bring him hither, to be a Witness of your Distresses; and besides, I wanted once before I die, to be the Messenger of Joy t'you. My good Master will be a Man again.

Mrs. Bev. Haste, haste then; and let us fly to him!—We are delaying our own Happiness.

Jar. I had forgot a Coach, Madam; and *Lucy* has order'd one.

Mrs. Bev. Where was the Need of that? The News has given me Wings.

Char. I have no Joy, 'till my poor Brother shares it with me. How did he pass the Night, *Jarvis*?

Jar. Why now, Madam, I can tell you. Like a Man dreaming of Death and Horrors. When they led him to his Cell—For 'twas a poor Apartment for my Master—He flung himself upon a wretched Bed, and lay speechless 'till Day-break. A Sigh now and then, and a few Tears that follow'd those Sighs, were all that told me he was alive. I spoke to him, but he wou'd not hear me; and when I persisted, he rais'd his Hand at me,

me, and knit his Brow so——I thought he wou'd have struck me.

Mrs. Bev. O Miserable! But what said he, *Jarvis*? Or was he silent all Night?

Jar. At Day-break he started from the Bed, and looking wildly at me, ask'd who I was. I told him, and bid him be of Comfort——Begone, old Wretch, says he —— I have sworn never to know Comfort——My Wife! my Child! my Sister! I have undone 'em all, and will know no Comfort——Then falling upon his Knees, he imprecated Curses upon himself.

Mrs. Bev. This is too horrible!——But you did not leave him so?

Char. No, I am sure he did not.

Jar. I had not the Heart, Madam. By Degrees I brought him to himself. A Shower of Tears came to his Relief; and then he call'd me his kindest Friend, and begg'd Forgiveness of me like a Child——I was a Child too, when he begg'd Forgiveness of me. My Heart throbb'd so, I cou'd not speak to him. He turn'd from me for a Minute or two, and suppressing a few bitter Sighs, enquir'd after his wretched Family——Wretched was his Word, Madam——Ask'd how you bore the Misery of last Night——If you had Goodness enough to see him in Prison——And then begg'd me to hasten to you. I told him he must be more himself first——He promised me he wou'd; and bating a few sudden Intervals, he became

compos'd and easy——And then I left him; but not without an Attendant —— a Servant in the Prison, whom I hir'd to wait upon him——'Tis an Hour since we parted——I was prevented in my Haste to be the Messenger of Joy t'you.

Mrs. Bev. What a Tale is this?—But we have staid too long——A Coach is needless.

Char. Hark! I hear one at the Door.

Jar. And *Lucy* comes to tell us——We'll away this Moment.

Mrs. Bev. To comfort him or die with him.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to *Stukely's Lodgings.*

Enter Stukely, Bates and Dawson.

Stu. Here's presumptive Evidence at least——or if we want more, why we must swear more. But all unwillingly——We gain Credit by Reluctance—I have told you how to proceed. *Beverley* must die —— We hunt him in View now, and must not slacken in the Chace. 'Tis either Death for Him, or Shame and Punishment for Us. Think of that, and remember your Instructions—You, *Bates*, must to the Prison immediately. I wou'd be there but a few Minutes before you. And you, *Dawson*, must follow in a few Minutes after. So here we divide——But answer me; are you resolv'd upon this Business like Men?

Bates. Like Villains rather—But you may depend upon us.

Stu.

The GAMESTER.

Stu. Like what we are then—You make
Answer, *Dawson*—Compassion; I suppose, ha²
leiz'd you.

Daw. No; I have disclaim'd it—My Answer
is *Bates's*—You may depend upon me.

Stu. Consider the Reward! Riches and Secu-
rity! I have sworn to divide with you to the last
Shilling—So here we separate 'till we meet in
Prison—Remember your Instructions and be
Men. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE changes to a Prison.

*Beverley is discover'd sitting. After a short Pause,
he starts up, and comes forward.*

Bew. Why, there's an End then. I have judg'd
deliberately, and the Result is Death. How the
Self-Murderer's Account may stand, I know not.
But this I know—The Load of hateful Life op-
presses me too much—The Horrors of my Soul
are more than I can bear—*(offers to kneel)* Fa-
ther of Mercy!—I cannot pray—Despair has
laid his Iron Hand upon me, and seal'd me for
Perdition—Conscience! Conscience! thy Clamours
are too loud—Here's that shall silence thee.
(Takes a Vial out of his Pocket, and looks at it.)
Thou art most friendly to the Miserable. Come
then, thou Cordial for sick Minds—Come to
my Heart. *(Drinks)* O, that the Grave wou'd
bury Memory as well as Body! For if the Soul
sees and feels the Sufferings of those dear Ones

The G A M E S T E R.

leaves behind, the Everlasting has no Vengeance to torment it deeper—I'll think no more on't—Reflection comes too late—Once there was a Time for't—but now 'tis past.—Who's there?

Enter Jarvis.

Jar. One that hop'd to see you with better Looks—Why d'you turn so from me? I have brought Comfort with me—And see who comes to give it welcome.

Bev. My Wife and Sister! Why, 'tis but one Pang more then, and farewell World. (*Aside.*)

Enter Mrs. Beverley and Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. Where is he? (*Runs and embraces him*) O I have him! I have him! And now they shall never part us more --- I have News, Love, to make you happy for ever --- But don't look coldly on me.

Char. How is it, Brother?

Mrs. Bev. Alas! he hears us not—Speak to me, Love. I have no Heart to see you thus.

Bev. Nor I to bear the Sense of so much Shame—This is a sad Place.

Mrs. Bev. We came to take you from it. To tell you the World goes well again. That Providence has seen our Sorrows, and sent the Means to help 'em—Your Uncle dy'd Yesterday.

Bev. My Uncle! — No, do not say so—O! I am sick at Heart!

Mrs.

Mrs. Bev. Indeed! — I meant to bring you Comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives then— If you wou'd bring me Comfort, tell me he lives.

Mrs. Bev. And if I did— I have no Power to raise the Dead— He dy'd Yesterday.

Bev. And I am Heir to him?

Jar. To his whole Estate, Sir— But bear it patiently— pray bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well — (*Pausing*) Why Fame says I am rich then?

Mrs. Bev. And truly so— Why do you look so wildly?

Bev. Do I? The News was unexpected. But has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, Sir— He cou'd not leave it from you.

Bev. I am sorry for it.

Char. Sorry! Why sorry?

Bev. Your Uncle's dead, *Charlotte*.

Char. Peace be with his Soul then— Is it so terrible that an old Man shou'd die?

Bev. He shou'd have been immortal.

Mrs. Bev. Heaven knows I wish'd not for his Death. 'Twas the Will of Providence that he shou'd die— Why are you disturb'd so?

Bev. Has Death no Terrors in it?

Mrs. Bev. Not an old Man's Death. Yet if it troubles you, I wish him living.

Bev. And I, with all my Heart.

Char. Why, what's the Matter?

Bev. Nothing—How heard you of his Death?

Mrs. Bev. His Steward came Express. Wou'd I had never known it!

Bev. Or had heard it one Day sooner——For I have a Tale to tell, shall turn you into Stone; or if the Power of Speech remain, you shall kneel down and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Alas! What Tale is this? And why are we to curse you——I'll bless you for ever.

Bev. No; I have deserv'd no Blessings. The World holds not such another Wretch. All this large Fortune, this second Bounty of Heaven, that might have heal'd our Sorrows, and fatisfy'd our utinost Hopes, in a curs'd Hour I sold last Night.

Char. Sold! How sold!

Mrs. Bev. Impossible!——It cannot be!

Bev. That Devil *Stukely*, with all Hell to aid him, tempted me to the Deed. To pay false Debts of Honour, and to redeem past Errors, I sold the Reversion —— Sold it for a scanty Sum, and lost it among Villains.

Char. Why, farewell all then.

Bev. Liberty and Life——Come kneel and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Then hear me, Heaven! (*Kneels*)
Look down with Mercy on his Sorrows! Give Softness to his Looks, and Quiet to his Heart!
Take from his Memory the Sense of what is past,
and

and cure him of Despair! On Me! on Me! if Misery must be the Lot of either, multiply Misfortunes! I'll bear 'em patiently, so He is happy! These Hands shall toil for his Support! These Eyes be lifted up for hourly Blessings on him! And every Duty of a fond and faithful Wife be doubly done to cheer and comfort him! — So hear me! So reward me! (*Rises.*)

Bev. I wou'd kneel too, but that offended Heaven wou'd turn my Prayers into Curses. What have I to ask for? I, who have shook Hands with Hope? Is it for Length of Days that I shou'd kneel? No; My Time is limited. Or is it for this World's Blessings upon You and Yours? To pour out my Heart in Wishes for a ruin'd Wife, a Child and Sister? O! no! For I have done a Deed to make Life horrible t'you—

Mrs. Bev. Why horrible? Is Poverty so horrible? — The real Wants of Life are few. A little Industry will supply 'em all—And Cheerfulness will follow—It is the Privilege of honest Industry, and we'll enjoy it fully.

Bev. Never, never—O, I have told you but in Part. The irrevocable Deed is done.

Mrs. Bev. What Deed? — And why do you look so at me?

Bev. A Deed that dooms my Soul to Vengeance—That seals Your Misery here, and Mine hereafter.

Mrs. Bev. No, no; You have a Heart too good

good for't—Alas! he raves, *Charlotte*—His Looks too terrify me—Speak Comfort to him—He can have done no Deed of Wickedness.

Char. And yet I fear the worst—What is it, Brother?

Bev. A Deed of Horror.

Jar. Ask him no Questions, Madam—This last Misfortune has hurt his Brain. A little Time will give him Patience.

Enter Stukely.

Bev. Why is this Villain here?

Stu. To give You Liberty and Safety. There, Madam's, his Discharge. (*Giving a Paper to Mrs. Beverley*) Let him fly this Moment. The Arrest last Night was meant in Friendship; but came too late.

Char. What mean you, Sir?

Stu. The Arrest was too late, I say; I wou'd have kept his Hands from Blood, but was too late.

Mrs. Bev. His Hands from Blood!—Whose Blood?—O, Wretch! Wretch!

Stu. From *Lewson's* Blood.

Char. No, Villain! Yet what of *Lewson*? Speak quickly.

Stu. You are ignorant then! I thought I heard the Murderer at Confession.

Char. What Murderer?—And who is murder'd? Not *Lewson*?—Say he lives, and I'll kneel and worship you.

Stu. In Pity, so I wou'd; but that the Tongues
of

of all cry Murder. I came in Pity, not in Malice; to save the Brother, not kill the Sister. Your *Lewson's* dead.

Char. O horrible! — Why who has kill'd him? And yet it cannot be. What Crime had He committed that he shou'd die? Villain! he lives! he lives! and shall revenge these Pangs.

Mrs. Bev. Patience, sweet *Charlotte*.

Char. O, 'tis too much for Patience!

Mrs. Bev. He comes in Pity, he says! O! execrable Villain! The Friend is kill'd then, and this the Murderer?

Bev. Silence, I charge you——Proceed Sir.

Stu. No. Justice may stop the Tale——and here's an Evidence.

Enter Bates.

Bates. The News, I see, has reach'd you. But take Comfort, Madam. (*To Char.*) There's one Without enquiring for you——Go to him, and lose no Time.

Char. O Misery! Misery! (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Bev. Follow her, *Jarvis*. If it be true that *Lewson's* dead, her Grief may kill her.

Bates. *Jarvis* must stay here, Madam. I have some Questions for him.

Stu. Rather let him fly. His Evidence may crush his Master.

Bev. Why ay; this looks like Management.

Bates. He found you quarrelling with *Lewson* in the Street last Night.

(*To Bev.*
Mrs.

Mrs. *Bev.* No; I am fure he did not.

Jar. Or if I did——

Mrs. *Bev.* 'Tis false, old Man——They had no Quarrel; there was no Cause for Quarrel.

Bev. Let him proceed, I fay——O! I am sick! sick!—Reach a Chair. *(He fits down.)*

Mrs. *Bev.* You droop, and tremble, Love.—Your Eyes are fixt too—Yet You are innocent. If *Lewson's* dead, You kill'd him not.

Enter Dawson.

Stu. Who sent for *Dawson*?

Bates. 'Twas I—We have a Witness too, you little think of—Without there!

Stu. What Witness?

Bates. A right one. Look at him.

Enter Lewson and Charlotte.

Stu. *Lewson!* O Villains! Villains!

(To Bates and Dawson.)

Mrs. *Bev.* Risen from the Dead! Why, this is unexpected Happiness!

Char. Or is't his Ghost? *(To Stukely)* That Sight wou'd please you, Sir.

Jar. What Riddle's this?

Bev. Be quick and tell it—My Minutes are but few.

Mrs. *Bev.* Alas! why so? You shall live long and happily.

Lew. While Shame and Punishment shall rack that Viper *(Pointing to Stukely)* The Tale is short—I was too busy in his Secrets, and therefore doom'd

doom'd to die. *Bates*, to prevent the Murder, understand it—I kept aloof to give it Credit.—

Char. And give Me Pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt 'em all, and wou'd have told you —But Vengeance wanted ripening. The Villain's Scheme was but half executed. The Arrest by *Dawson* follow'd the supposed Murder—And now, depending on his once wicked Associates, he comes to fix the Guilt on *Beverley*.

Mrs. Bev. O! execrable Wretch!

Bates. *Dawson* and I are Witnesses of this.

Lew. And of a thousand Frauds. His Fortune ruin'd by Sharpers and false Dice; and *Stukely* sole Contriver and Possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopt on this Side Murder, we had been Villains still.

Mrs. Bev. Thus Heaven turns Evil into Good; and by permitting Sin, warns Men to Virtue.

Lew. Yet punishes the Instrument. So shall our Laws; tho' not with Death. But Death were Mercy. Shame, Beggary, and Imprisonment, unpity'd Misery, the Stings of Conscience, and the Curses of Mankind shall make Life hateful to him — till at last, his own Hand end him ——— How does my Friend?

(To *Bev.*

Bev. Why, well. Who's he that asks me?

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis *Lewison*, Love——Why do you look so at him?

Bev. They told me he was murder'd. (*Wildly*)

Mrs. Bev. Ay; but he lives to save us.

Bev. Lend me your Hand—The Room turns round.

Mrs. Bev. O Heaven!

Lew. This Villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his Sight—And for your Lives see that you guard him. (*Stukely is taken off by Dawson and Bates.*) How is it, Sir?

Bev. 'Tis here — and here (*Pointing to his Head and Heart.*) And now it tears me!

Mrs. Bev. You feel convuls'd too — What is't disturbs you?

Lew. This sudden Turn of Joy perhaps — He wants Rest too—Last Night was dreadful to him. His Brain is giddy.

Char. Ay, never to be cur'd—Why, Brother! — O! I fear! I fear!

Mrs. Bev. Preserve him, Heaven! — My Love! my Life! look at me! — How his Eyes flame!

Bev. A Furnace rages in this Heart — I have been too hasty.

Mrs. Bev. Indeed! — O me! O me! — Help, *Jarvis!* Fly, fly for Help! Your Master dies else. — Weep not, but fly! (*Ex. Jar.*) What is this hasty Deed? — Yet do not answer me — My Fears have guess'd

Bev.

Bev. Call back the Messenger——'Tis not in Medicine's Power to help me.

Mrs. Bev. Is it then so?

Bev. Down, restless Flames! —— (*Laying his Hand on his Heart*) down to your native Hell—— There you shall rack me——O! for a Pause from Pain!

Mrs. Bev. Help, *Charlotte!* Support him, Sir! (*To Lewson*) This is a killing Sight!

Bev. That Pang was well —— It has numb'd my Senses. —— Where's my Wife? —— Can you forgive me, Love?

Mrs. Bev. Alas! for what?

Bev. (*Starting again*) And there's another Pang——Now all is quiet——Will you forgive me?

Mrs. Bev. I will——Tell me for what?

Bev. For meanly dying.

Mrs. Bev. No——do not say it.

Bev. As truly as my Soul must answer it —— Had *Jarvis* staid this Morning, all had been well. But press'd by Shame —— pent in a Prison —— tormented with my Pangs for You —— driven to Despair and Madness —— I took the Advantage of his Absence, corrupted the poor Wretch he left to guard me, and —— swallow'd Poison.

Mrs. Bev. O! fatal Deed!

Char. Dreadful and cruel!

Bev. Ay, most accurs'd—And now I go to my Account. This Rest from Pain brings Death; yet 'tis Heaven's Kindness to me. I wish'd for Ease, a Moment's Ease, that cool Repentance and Contrition might soften Vengeance—Bend me, and let me kneel. (*They lift him from his Chair, and support him on his Knees*) I'll pray for You too. Thou Power that madest me, hear me! If for a Life of Frailty, and this too hasty Deed of Death, thy Justice dooms me, here I acquit the Sentence. But if, enthron'd in Mercy where thou sit'st, thy Pity has beheld me, send me a Gleam of Hope; that in these last and bitter Moments my Soul may taste of Comfort! And for these Mourners here, O! let their Lives be peaceful, and their Deaths happy!—Now raise me. (*They lift him to the Chair.*)

Mrs. Bev. Restore him, Heaven! Stretch forth thy Arm omnipotent, and snatch him from the Grave!—O save him! save him!

Bev. Alas! that Prayer is fruitless. Already Death has seiz'd me—Yet Heaven is gracious—I ask'd for Hope, as the bright Prefage of Forgiveness, and like a Light, blazing thro' Darkness, it came and chear'd me——'Twas all I liv'd for, and now I die.

Mrs. Bev. Not yet! ——— Not yet! ——— Stay but a little and I'll die too.

Bev. No; live, I charge you.—We have a little

little One. Tho' I have left him, You will not leave him.—To *Lewson's* Kindness I bequeath him—Is not this *Charlotte*? We have liv'd in Love, tho' I have wrong'd you—Can you forgive me, *Charlotte*?

Char. Forgive you!—O my poor Brother!

Bev. Lend me your Hand, Love.—So—raise me—No—'twill not be—My Life is finish'd—O! for a few short Moments! to tell you how my Heart bleeds for you—That even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of Hereafter, my bosom Pang is for Your Miseries. Support her Heaven! — And now I go—O, Mercy! Mercy! (*Dies.*)

Lew. Then all is over—How is it, Madam? — My poor *Charlotte* too!

Enter Jarvis.

Jar. How does my Master, Madam? Here's Help at Hand—Am I too too late then?

(*Seeing Beverley.*)

Char. Tears! Tears! Why fall you not?—O wretched Sister! — Speak to her, *Lewson*—Her Grief is speechless.

Lew. Remove her from this Sight—Go to her *Jarvis* — Lead and support her. Sorrow like Her's forbids Complaint—Words are for lighter Grievs—Some ministring Angel bring her Peace!

(*Jar. and Char. lead her off.*)

And

And Thou, poor breathless Corpse, may thy departed Soul have found the Rest it pray'd for! Save but one Error, and this last fatal Deed, thy Life was lovely. Let frailer Minds take Warning; and from Example learn, that Want of Prudence is Want of Virtue.

*Follies, if uncontroul'd, of every Kind,
Grow into Passions, and subdue the Mind;
With Sense and Reason hold superior Strife,
And conquer Honour, Nature, Fame and Life.*

J Blacklock

F I N I S.

Mutton	6	1	2	3
By Cash				50
Mutton	2	1		10
To	10			3-4
Beef	8	1		2-8
Mutton	5			2-1
Cash	8			3-6

Dramatis Personæ,

When Revived 1771.

Beverley,	<i>Mr. Reddish.</i>
Lewson,	<i>Mr. Cauthery.</i>
Stukely,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Jarvis,	<i>Mr. Aikin.</i>
Bates,	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>
Dawson,	<i>Mr. J. Aikin.</i>
Waiter,	<i>Mr. Wheeler.</i>
Charlotte,	<i>Mrs. Reddish.</i>
Lucy,	<i>Mrs. Davies.</i>
<i>Mrs. Beverley,</i>	<i>Mrs. Baddeley.</i>

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